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For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

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SEPTEMBER
1939

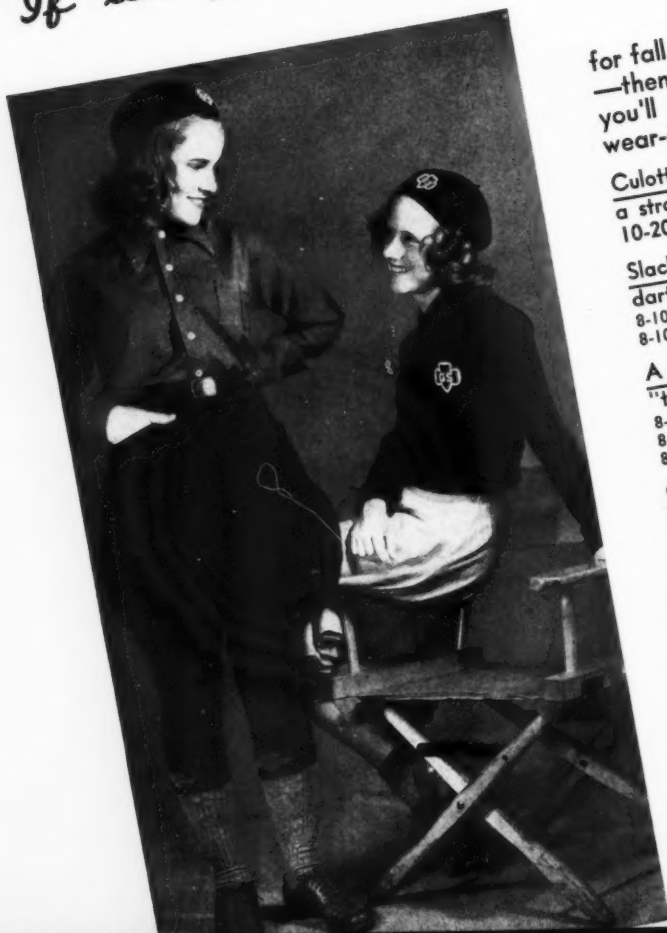
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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For biographical note about the artist, see February 1939 issue

Courtesy of the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, Indiana

GREAT AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XX—JEUNE FILLES *Painted by* MARY CASSATT

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

SEPTEMBER • 1939

WINTER COTTAGE

PART ONE

THE Vincents' summer cottage had been empty for two months. From mid-August to mid-October no one had banged the screen doors, or run down the path to the lake, or put the canoe in the water. It was a civilized enough looking cottage when the Vincents were there, with their pretty clothes and automobiles and visitors from Chicago, but when they had gone it had a secret, furtive air like the woods behind it and the little furry creatures that prowled at night. Its paths were soon lost in leaves and its chimney whistled in the wind.

It was not one of those flimsy cottages that are tossed up carelessly about Northern lakes. It had once been a farmhouse built by an early Scandinavian settler, and it had double walls, low ceilings, and plenty of stoves to withstand the intense cold of a northern Wisconsin winter. Perhaps the man who built it had thought too much of the fine lake view and too little of the fertility of the land, for he had given it up with scarcely an acre cleared, and it had finally become a summer cottage. The Vincents had added screened porches and a fire-place, but in other ways they had changed it very little, so that it looked like neither the smart rustic lodge nor the cretonne-and-wicker type of summer dwelling. It was simply a comfortable, dowdy old house, which rang with merriment for a couple of months of the year and, for the rest, stood dreamy and remote in long waving grass, listening to the sighing of the wind and the rustle of snow, and the stirring and piping of little furred and feathered creatures.

Everything had been so quiet these two months, that it was strange, at the close of a damp October day, to hear a car rattling and chugging on the hill road that passed along be-



POP CRANKED WITHOUT SUCCESS

Minty and Eggs and Pop have a bit of bad luck that changes to good in this first installment of an eight-part serial by the author of "Caddie Woodlawn," winner of the Newbery Medal in 1936

CAROL
RYRIE
BRINK

hind the cottage. It was a small and very old car, with a rickety trailer swinging crazily along behind. The road rose steadily for some distance, then dipped to a hollow opposite the Vincents' property, rising again in a series of swells to the Gustafson farm about a mile away at the end of the lake. Beyond the Gustafson place was the main road which led into Scandian Corners, the nearest small town.

With a cough, a gasp, and a sigh, the ramshackle car reached the top of the first hill and died. Still rattling, but no longer coughing and sighing, it coasted down into the hollow at the back of the Vincents' place, and stopped dead still. The silence of wet October woods settled down all around it.

The door of the car was flung open and a girl of

about fifteen sprang out.

"Pop, you forgot to get gas!" she cried reproachfully. She broke a small branch from a near-by sumac and stuck it experimentally into the gas tank. "Nope," she added, after a moment's silence, "we've still got some gas. I

wonder what's the matter."

"She's boiling, Minty," said a smaller girl, sticking her head from under the flapping side-curtain of the back seat.

"That's nothing," said Minty. "She always boils."

"Maybe she'll go up backwards."

"I thought of that. If it's because the gas is low, we can probably make it up the next hill backwards, but I don't know what we'll do with the trailer. What do you think, Pop?" The girl called Minty addressed herself with determination to a thin, dreamy little man with a bristling mustache who sat in the driver's seat.

"I was just thinking of the words of the poet Wordsworth,"

said Pop. "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free—"

"I know, Pop, but it looks like a storm coming up. We can't stay out here all night. I think we're on the wrong road."

"Listen," said Pop, holding up a warning finger. "It's that autumnal silence. You don't even hear a frog now, do you?"

The two girls listened intently. "Nope, no frogs. But think, Pop, what're we going to do?"

"Do? I'd like to stay right here, far from the city's madding crowd. The world is too much with us. Late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers—"

"Look, Pop, the poet Words-

you thought you were fixing the gas line and you made the short circuit."

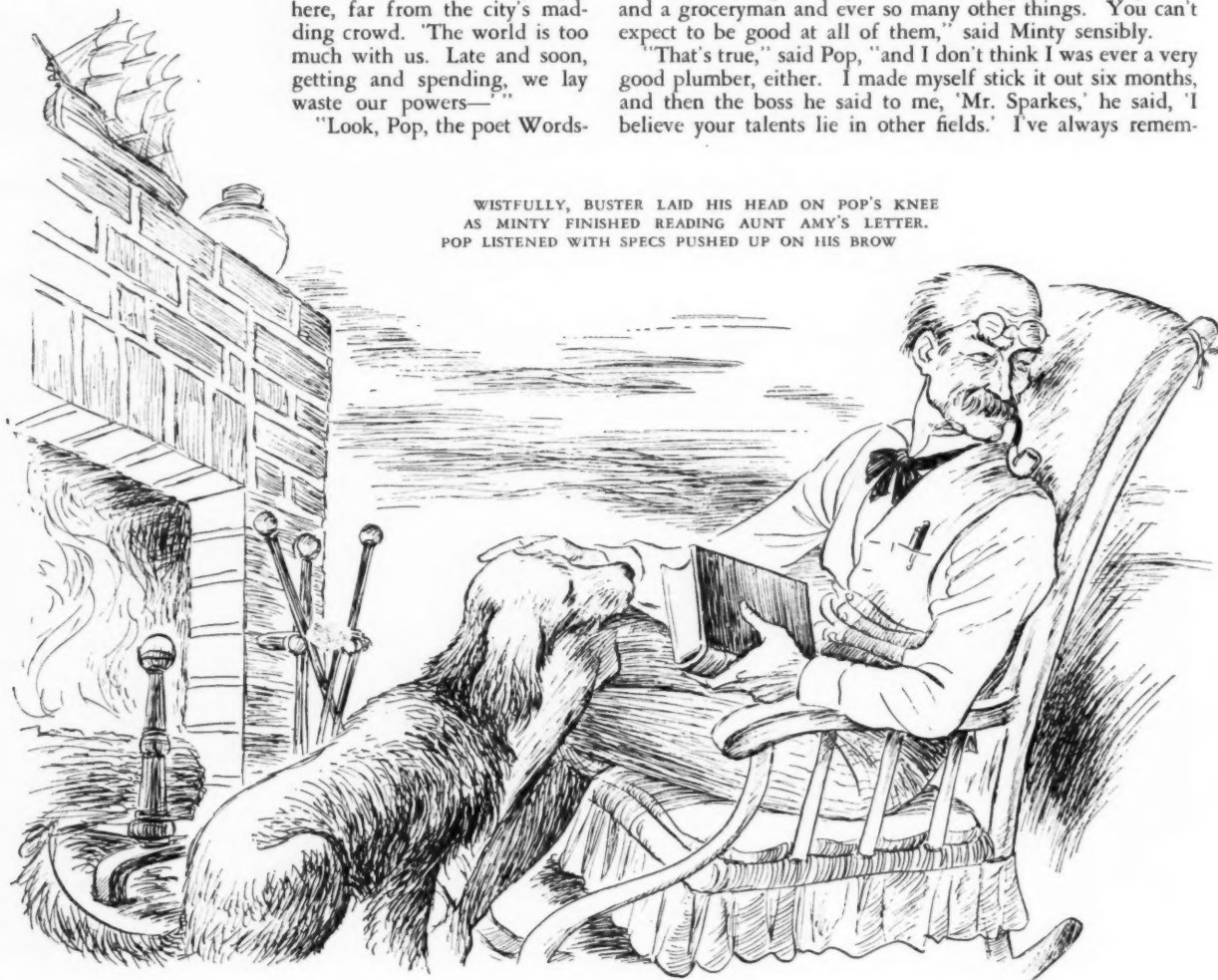
"And the time you dropped a nut into the radiator fan," piped Eggs from the back seat.

"All right. All right," said Pop. "You girls think I'm no mechanic, don't you? Haven't I told you I was a plumber back in 1910?"

"Yes, but, Pop dear, you've been a carpenter and a printer and a groceryman and ever so many other things. You can't expect to be good at all of them," said Minty sensibly.

"That's true," said Pop, "and I don't think I was ever a very good plumber, either. I made myself stick it out six months, and then the boss he said to me, 'Mr. Sparkes,' he said, 'I believe your talents lie in other fields.' I've always remem-

WISTFULLY, BUSTER LAID HIS HEAD ON POP'S KNEE
AS MINTY FINISHED READING AUNT AMY'S LETTER.
POP LISTENED WITH SPECS PUSHED UP ON HIS BROW



worth never tried to run a car like this. It's no use quoting him," replied the girl.

"You're right, as always, Minty," said Pop pleasantly, "and I s'pose we've got to get along toward Aunt Amy's." He whirled the starter several times, but nothing happened.

"Why don't we leave the trailer?" asked the small girl. "It's no good for anything but carrying groceries. We can't sleep in it." The speaker appeared to be about ten years of age and answered to the name of Eggs. Just now she shared the back seat with a large and friendly dog and a pile of luggage.

"We can't leave the trailer," cried Minty. "How could we carry the groceries? Goodness knows, they're all we've got left. We'd better hang on to them."

Pop got out and walked all around the car and looked. Presently he tried cranking it, but it seemed to have lost interest in life. He lifted the hood with a businesslike air, and looked inside.

"Be careful, Pop," warned Minty. "You know the time

bered that. I thought he put it elegantly, for a plumber. An educated man, the boss was." Pop shut down the hood again and climbed into the car. "Well, it looks as if we'd have to spend the night here, all right. Minty, you better get the quilts out of the trailer. It's going to be cold."

"Can we get out?" asked Eggs.

"I see no reason why you can't," said Pop, comfortably preparing to light his pipe. With shouts and barks of delight, Eggs and Buster, the dog, deserted the back seat for the misty wood.

"Don't get lost," called Minty, as she went to struggle with the damp canvas cover of the trailer. There was a slight frown on her brow and something like tears under her lashes. The sky looked dark and stormy, and it was depressing to be marooned here on a strange road in strange woods. She felt discontented with everything. She didn't like being here, and she certainly didn't want to be back in Chicago where everything had gone wrong this past year, and she didn't care to

think about Aunt Amy's house which lay ahead of them. It was awkward being the only practical one in the family, thought Minty. Pop and Eggs could lay their heads down anywhere and never care a rap or know the difference, but Minty wasn't like that. She wanted to know where she was, and why, and for how long.

Suddenly there was a shout from Eggs. She had discovered the Vincent cottage.

"Say! There's a house here! Come and see, Minty!"

This interested Pop. "Maybe we can get a tow," he said.

Minty left her struggle with the wet ropes and ran along beside Pop. Just ahead of them Eggs and Buster scuffed and gamboled through the yellow leaves.

"Look! There it is!" shouted Eggs triumphantly. "Aren't I a good finder?"

"It looks empty," said Pop. They peered in a back window and there was a kitchen, full of shadowy shapes. They could make out a stove and a gleam of pans on the wall and some provision tins on the shelves.

"If we could get in," said Eggs, "you could make us some pancakes, Pop."

the dog came and stood beside Minty and gazed at the lake.

"Um-m-m!" said Minty. "Doesn't it smell good? It sort of cleans you out inside."

"It doesn't smell much like Chicago," observed Eggs. "No smoke or stuff."

"Breathe in a lot," advised Minty. "I expect Minneapolis will smell pretty much like Chicago. Why didn't we ever live in a place like this, Pop?"

"Well, I don't know," said Pop. "We never did."

"I guess the poet Wordsworth would have liked this, eh, Pop?" asked Eggs.

"Yes," said Pop. "I think I may safely say that the poet Wordsworth would have thought this pretty nifty."

"I hear a stream, too," said Minty. "Look, Pop, it comes down over yonder and runs into the lake."

They went to explore the stream, and, while they did so, the golden light faded from the lake, there was a dull rumble of thunder, and, before they could reach shelter of any kind, the threatening clouds suddenly opened and let down a torrent of very wet rain.

"Oh, golly! I'm soaked!" shouted Eggs, dancing about.

Illustrated by FRITZ EICHENBERG



"Of course we wouldn't do that, Eglantine," said Pop. "Still, I see they have a wood box full of dry wood."

Minty had gone to the next window. "They've gone away right enough," she said. "See, they have bunk beds! And they've piled their mattresses all on the top one, so the mice won't get at them. It looks as if they'd gone for a long time."

"A right cozy little house," said Pop with approval. "A family could be real comfortable here."

"Oh, look at the view!" cried Minty, coming around the front of the cottage in sight of the lake.

A low shaft of sunlight had broken through the heavy clouds which covered most of the sky, sending a long ripple of gold across the silver surface of the lake. Along the bank the silver birches with their thin covering of yellow leaves repeated the note of silver and gold, and, on either hand, the oaks still clung to their scarlet leaves. For a moment it was exquisitely beautiful. There was not another house in sight, not a boat, nor a human being stirring. Pop and Eggs and

"Run for the porch," called Pop. "We can shelter there till the rain lets up."

Dripping and panting, they tumbled into the spacious porch of the Vincents' cottage, and there they stood shivering while sheets of silver rain obliterated lake and woods and all the sights around them.

"Well, this is not so good," said Pop. "Did we close up the car doors?"

"Yes," said Minty, "and the canvas cover was still over the trailer."

"The front door is locked all right," said Eggs, referring, not to the car, but to the cottage which intrigued her more. "But say! Look here! This window that opens on the porch isn't locked. Come here and help! I think we can get in, if we want to."

"Well, we'd better not," said Minty. "It isn't our house."

"We wouldn't hurt anything, and I sure am cold."

"But you can't just break into (Continued on page 32)



RENIE SHOWS ANNE SHIRLEY SOME SUGGESTED DESIGNS FOR THE COSTUMES IN HER NEWEST PICTURE

PARIS IN

Renie is a girl who made good as a dress designer for Hollywood stars. You

HOW many times, when you have been at the movies, have you wondered about the clothes worn by the stars? Who decides what costumes Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, or Irene Dunne shall wear? Who designs the clothes? Where are they made? Do the players themselves like the things they're required to wear on the screen? If they don't—then what?

You probably know that a few years ago, in the early days of the screen, many of the clothes worn by the movie stars were rather awful, not the sort of things you and your friends ever would be likely to want to wear in real life. But you know, too, that now, with millions of women and girls going to the movies and watching every detail of the attire of their favorite players, movie clothes have a tremendous and far-reaching influence on what is worn by women everywhere. Movie makers have become aware of this fact, and they pay close attention to the minutest detail in costuming the characters in a screen story. No clothes in the world—not even those of the Paris *couturiers*—are so widely publicized. Because these clothes are part and parcel of the screen story itself, they are noted on the screen and discussed and copied the world over. Sweeping trends in fashion may originate even from the showing of a period motion picture such as *Robin Hood*. Certain it is that the lovely, becoming young dresses and accessories worn by Deanna Durbin have shown many young girls of her age much about appropriateness and good taste in clothes.

If, therefore, you are curious as to who designs the costumes of the various movie stars, what their problems are, and what, for instance, they might have to say to you about your own clothes, let's go and talk with one of the designers.

Surprisingly, there are not many designers in the Hollywood studios, and since we haven't many to choose from, it is a fairly simple matter to select one. Because she is one of the youngest and newest of this talented group of men and women, and because she is a girl not a great many years older than yourself—who loves to wear pretty clothes just as much as she loves to design them—let's talk to Renie.

It's quite a process, finding her. We go to the information desk of a big, walled-in studio city and find that Renie has left word for us to be admitted. A uniformed watchman di-

RIGHT: WENDY BARRIE DISCUSSES WITH RENIE THE DESIRABILITY OF RICH, BROCADED SATIN



ANY YOUNG GIRL WOULD BE PROUD TO WEAR THIS SMART AND COMFORTABLE-LOOKING TRAVELING COSTUME WHICH RENIE DESIGNED FOR JOAN FONTAINE. THE OFF-FACE HAT ADDS TO HER YOUTHFUL CHARM AS SHE STEPS OUT FROM AN AIRLINER

HOLLYWOOD

will be interested in this article about her career—

By **ETHEL SEVERSON**



SHALL IT BE PLAID, OR AN ALL-OVER PATTERNED SILK? ANNE SHIRLEY CONSULTS RENIE ON A SERIOUS DRESS PROBLEM

AT LEFT: WENDY BARRIE CONSIDERS POLKA DOTS



rects us down a narrow street, and, after wandering along various short thoroughfares marked A, B, C, and D, we find the proper building and mount a steep stairway. On venturing tentatively down a corridor and peering into an open door, we confront a young girl in a rust-brown skirt and a yellow shirt with the tails flying loose. Pushing back her careless mop of blond hair, the girl gives us a friendly grin, and says, "Renie is down on the set. She'll be back in a minute."

So we sit down and look around. It isn't a sumptuous sort of office at all, but it looks very much as if it were used for hard work. Stacks of shiny "stills" lie on the scarred desk—obviously fashion photographs of stars. A wall is nearly covered with dashing sketches of gowns. Another wall is pretty well hidden by large photographs of various actresses, inscribed to Renie.

After a few minutes, in comes a very pretty girl in a simple, dark print dress. With her smooth, dark hair arranged in page-boy style, and her luminous brown eyes, she is strikingly attractive.

"Ah!" you say to yourself. "Here's one of the players who has come to see Renie about her costumes for a picture!"

Then the girl begins to welcome you in a soft voice, and you tumble to the fact that she is Renie. Once over the first surprise, you bubble with questions, and find Renie laughingly ready to answer any and all of them.

For instance, you want to know: "When did you first decide to become a designer—and how long did it take you—and what were the odds against you? And aren't you pretty young to be responsible for the clothes in at least half the pictures released by your studio?"

Well, that will do for a start. Let's have her tell us the answers, and try to contain the rest of our questions while we listen.

"Well," says Renie slowly, remembering things as she talks, "I've always been able to draw. I always wanted to be a dancer or an artist, so, when I got my first job, as an usher in a theater, I practiced dancing every morning from nine till twelve, and again from five till seven at night. Then, thinking I had better start with my drawing, too, I went to art school, and decided, arbitrarily, that whichever type of



ANOTHER EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE TRAVELING OUTFIT DESIGNED BY RENIE FOR JOAN FONTAINE. THE DARK JACKET IS TRIM AND PRACTICAL, WHILE THE PIN-STRIPED SKIRT WITH ITS TWO INVERTED PLEATS IN FRONT PERMITS HER TO WALK WITH A FREE, LENGTHY STRIDE

work first came my way—drawing or dancing—would decide my career question for me.

"Quite by chance, designing happened first. Through friends, I gained entrée to a shop where clothes were made for movie people to wear in pictures. This was about ten years ago, when designing for the stars was approached in a vastly different way. The owner of the shop liked my sketches, and used some of them for Mae Murray. Later, when the shop was absorbed by one of the studios, I was taken along as a sketch artist. I worked a year in the studio, doing original designs for Mary Brian, and a few things for Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, all of whom were just starting in pictures then. I was still in my teens. That sort of thing would not be possible now, but studio designing was in its infancy and anything could happen.

Then came an illness of several years, and when I was ready to pick up again the threads of working existence, I scarcely knew where to begin. For six months I attended a costume designing school, learning pattern cutting.

"One day the girl who taught sketching asked me if I could do period clothes, and I answered 'Yes,' although I had never done them in my life." Renie smiled reminiscently.

"She was working for one of the larger studios, doing costume designs for *Cleopatra*, and she told me to make some appropriate sketches for the picture, and gave me the name of the person to whom I should show them. I went to the studio with my sketches, and no one would see me. After waiting in vain for four hours, I went back and told the girl that no one would see me. She criticized my sketches then, and told me to send them to the studio by mail. It was during the depression and I had no more than fifteen dollars to my name, but I took a dollar to send the sketches, along with a letter asking for an appointment."

"That dollar must have looked enormous," we commented.

"It did! It was!" said Renie. "But apparently it wasn't very potent. Two weeks passed, and I heard nothing. One day I became angry, and went to the studio and demanded to see the master of the wardrobe. He was out, but I told his assistant that I wanted my sketches. No one could find them. For three hours I sat on a bench in the Wardrobe Building, with people passing by endlessly. At last a girl came out and said, 'Mr. Blank will see you.'"

"He had my sketches and talked with me about half an hour. I went to work the next day, and though I worked there three months he never spoke to me again. I thought he must be displeased with my work, but now I know he was

simply busy. Studio Wardrobes are rather hectic places."

"And that was the beginning?" we said, questioningly.

"That was one of many beginnings," she corrected. "I worked under the assistant to the head designer, doing chorus costumes and college pictures. Then followed six months on a period picture, *The Crusades*. After that, there was no more sketching to be done and I was given my choice between running a power machine in the Wardrobe workroom, or being out of a job. I spent two months doing work intermittently in the workroom."

We interrupted. "Was that experience helpful in your training as a designer?"

"No, the seamstress's work was not necessary for my training, but it did give me an appreciation of what the seamstresses do, and was certainly one of the more dismal periods of my career. For a while I even took a job as a check girl on the set, checking extras' hats and coats, for sixteen dollars a week. Work was never steady, even at that. Studios are like that, you know."

IT WAS hard to imagine this successful young woman living a life of drudgery and uncertainty. Apparently the road to glamour was not all glamorous.

"Then things began to look up," Renie went on. "I worked at different studios, sketching for various designers. While I was working at one of the smaller studios, the designer was seriously injured in an automobile accident, just as a picture was starting. I was asked to do the picture. Jumping into it on three days' notice, I worked from seven in the morning until ten at night, every single day for three weeks. That was my first experience in actual designing. I had to manage the Wardrobe, do all the designing and all of the sketching as well, really holding down three jobs.

"Then that studio closed, and I was out of a job. Three months later a designer was needed at this studio, and, on the basis of my experience at the last studio, I was given the position and started at once doing all the 'B' pictures.

"'B' pictures—since the question is on the tip of your tongue—should be explained," went on Renie. "Most of the studios divide their feature pictures into two groups, the 'A' and the 'B.' The 'A' pictures cost the most, but often the 'B' pictures are the most profitable and the most artistic."

"How much time did all this take—counting out the lay-offs?" we asked.

"About three years' designing experience brings me up to the present moment. In two years, here at this studio, I have done about fifty pictures."

"One would think you would run out of ideas!" we exclaimed, appalled at the thought of concocting all the costumes for the leading ladies in fifty movies, when we are hard put to it, at times, to plan one really successful outfit for ourselves.

"When I am about to start another picture I think that I can't do it, but the ideas come from somewhere," she replied.

"And this thing about lay-offs—do they just happen overnight?"

"Oh, yes. Once it happened just after a shopping expedition—the very night, in fact. I took back my new purchases the following day."

"Sounds pretty discouraging," we ventured, "for anyone who has ambitions to become a studio designer."

"Well," she admitted, "it really is. But designing is an extremely interesting and varied field, and there are many opportunities for good designers outside of the studios. Movie designing is so specialized that it requires not only designing ability, but an understanding of the entire picture business. Each studio has only one or two designers, and most of them have been with their studio for ten or twelve years, or, at the least, five years. Most of these designers have sketch artists working for them, but no assistants. Some do not even use sketch artists, but do (Continued on page 42)



RENIE SHOWS WENDY BARRIE A COSTUME SKETCH SHE'S JUST MADE



THEY REINED IN THEIR HORSES AND SAT LOOKING DOWN THE EMPTY, SILENT STREET WHERE NOT EVEN A LIZARD STIRRED IN THE SUN

TWO GUITARS by

MARGARET CARVER LEIGHTON

*Even though Penny was an Eastern girl
she had quick wits and knew how to use
them when suddenly faced with danger*

PENNY swung the corral gate wide; dust swirled high as Billy drove the horses through at a gallop. She shut the gate and hurried toward Querida, the lead rope ready. The glossy little mare stood quietly, ears pricked forward, until Penny's hand was almost on her mane; then, with a toss of her head and a flirt of her tail, she wheeled and pranced off into the far corner of the corral.

"Don't go at her so fast," warned Billy. "Just walk up to her, easylike, and keep the rope hidden behind you."

Penny followed her cousin's advice, and Querida submitted demurely to capture. Billy would have helped her with the heavy saddle, but Penny was determined to learn every bit of horsemanship she could. At last, she stood back to survey her work. She had taken only a little longer with Querida than had Billy with his own lively pinto horse, Tony.

"Gee, Penny, you got it just right this time!" said Billy, generous admiration on his freckled face. "You sure do mighty well, for an Eastern girl!"

Tall, sun-browned Uncle Fred strolled up. "Where you bound for this time?" he asked.

"Up the cañon as far as the Ghost Town," replied Billy. "That'll be just a good ride for this afternoon."

Penny's blue eyes widened under her broad-brimmed hat. "Ghost Town?" she echoed.

"It's a deserted mining camp. The buildings are still standing, though nobody has lived there for years," explained Uncle Fred.

Billy corrected his father. "There's old lady Ware."

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot. She's a sort of female hermit. Her husband struck it rich there during boom times. Then, after they moved away, bad luck hit them. They lost most of their money, he died, and their son was killed in the War. A few years ago she came back, because that was the one

place she'd been happy. So there she stays, with her chickens and her burros and her dog, living comfortably enough on what's left of their fortune. That reminds me, Billy—a couple of letters came for her. Better take them along with you."

As Billy ran into the house for the mail, a horseman appeared on the trail from the mountain.

Uncle Fred narrowed his eyes against the sun. "Looks like that Joe Chavez. Watch him give me a wide berth!"

But the newcomer had apparently no intention of avoiding Uncle Fred. He rode directly toward him, pulling up his horse with a flourish. "How do you do, Señor Deane!" His teeth gleamed in his narrow, dark face.

"Tolerable." Uncle Fred showed a pronounced lack of cordiality, but the man refused to be chilled.

"I am going across the valley to San Feliz. They are making the fiesta there. They cannot do without Joe and his guitar!" Chavez slapped the case that hung carefully strapped to his back. "Maybe gone two, three days."

"That so?" Uncle Fred was still unimpressed. "By the way, did you see Mrs. Ware as you came by? She's usually down after her mail. Never knew her to miss before."

"Oh, yes, I saw her. She was out feeding her chickens. But you know—" the newcomer lifted his shoulders eloquent-

ly,—"she does not like poor Joe! I did not stop for talk." While he spoke, his bright, dark eyes held Uncle Fred's with a peculiar, fixed gaze. Then he smiled brilliantly again and lifted his bridle. "Adios, señor, señorita!" He dug his big silver spurs into the thin ribs of his horse and was off at a gallop.

"What'd Joe want? Did he say anything about that missing calf of ours?" asked Billy, rejoining his father and cousin.

"No, and I knew it'd do no good to ask. What puzzles me is why he acted so friendly all of a sudden, telling me his plans. I'd swear he was lying, from the look of him, too. Well, it's beyond me. Don't stay up there too long, Billy. It's mighty easy to get lost in those cañons, once the sun sets."

The trail wound up between shoulder-high manzanita, greasewood, and gray-green sage. "It's the old wagon road," explained Billy as their horses made their way steadily upward, "but it hasn't been kept up. When it gets into the cañon, it's so washed out that no cars, and not even wagons can get through."

"How does Mrs. Ware get her supplies?" asked Penny, to whom the woman's story was part of the fascination and romance of this desert and mountain country.

"There's another way up from the other side of the mountain, by one of the fire roads that the Rangers use. Sometimes Mrs. Ware gets a truck to come up that way, but mostly she packs things in, herself, up this cañon. It's a sight to see her, in her big old hat, sitting on one of those little burros and leading the other scrambling up the trail."

*Illustrated
by
MONTE CREWS*



"Does that Mexican live up here in the Ghost Town, too?"

"Joe? No, the Chavez's live on beyond, in a little valley. They have some good land, but Joe's too lazy to work long enough to raise any kind of crop. He's a half-breed, and he'll pick up anything he sees that isn't nailed down. Just last week he took one of our calves—I saw the skin on the back of his barn! But these things are hard to prove, and it'd cost more than the calf was worth to go to law. I will say this for Joe, though—he can play that guitar of his like nobody's business!"

"Really? I play the guitar, too, a little."

"Later in the summer we'll go over to the big fiesta at the Springs," Billy promised. Entertaining this Eastern cousin wasn't proving the chore he had expected.

The valley walls had begun to close in about them, and the sparse brush had vanished altogether. The bare, rocky soil was a dark reddish color that held the heat of the afternoon sun in a sort of fiery glow. "I should think a woman would be afraid to live all by herself in a Ghost Town," murmured Penny, looking up at the gaunt, overhanging cliffs.

"Not Mrs. Ware!" chuckled Billy. "She's not scared of anything! She's a crack shot, and she keeps a regular arsenal. Besides, nobody'd bother her; she pays everything by check, and never has a cent of money up there. The only thing she has that's worth stealing is an old silver-mounted saddle, and she never leaves that behind. When she comes down the valley, she straps it on her burro—it's sure comical to see a five-hundred-dollar saddle on a little five-dollar burro!"

"Could a saddle be so valuable?" asked

Penny, in surprise.

"Oh, sure! Maybe you'll see it when we get there. It was the first thing her husband bought when he made his gold strike, and she says it's the last thing she'll part with."

Rounding a turn, they

came to a sheer wall that rose to a tremendous height above them. The trail seemed to end, but as they approached Penny saw that it disappeared into a cleft—a cañon so narrow that it looked like the mouth of a cave.

"We'll have to go single file here," said Billy.

Penny shivered at the sudden, enveloping chill after the desert sunshine. The walls almost met above their heads. Looking far up, she could see only a narrow strip of sky; as she watched, a great, dark-winged bird wheeled heavily across the brilliant blue.

The creak of their saddles, the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the stony trail, were multiplied by the echoing walls. Other cañons opened into this one, each a dark gateway, twisting back into the depths of the mountain. On they climbed. The way was so steep that the horses had to stop frequently for breath. Once they crossed a divide, or ridge, from whose crest the desert spread below them like a pastel-colored map, shimmering in the blaze of the sun.

"There's a man on horseback, way down there, crossing that little valley just on the edge of the desert," exclaimed Billy.

"It looks like that man with the guitar that we saw at your ranch—Joe Chavez."

Billy shook his head. "Going in the wrong direction. Just some other fellow in a big hat, I guess."

The horseman disappeared behind a fold of the hills, and they resumed their climb. The cañon had narrowed again; now they were passing mouths of holes, the remains of the old diggings.

"They look spooky—it'd be fun to explore one," said Penny.

"Wish I'd thought to bring a flash light," Billy said regretfully. "They're darker than Tophet, and full of bats. But it would be fun!"

Suddenly Penny gave a cry of surprise. "Look at all those old tin cans!" Against the wall of the cliff was piled a regular mountain of them, weathered to the same rusty color as the surrounding rocks and earth.

(Continued on page 33)

WITH THE GUITAR GRIPPED
IN HER HANDS SHE STARED
AT HIM, SENSING THE COLD,
METALLIC TASTE OF FEAR



YOU CAN MAKE A SPEECH

ARE you one of those girls who dread to speak in public? Does the mere prospect of addressing your school assembly, or taking part in a class debate, send icy shivers down your spine? If so, *tush*—for such faint-heartedness! Of course, you can make a speech.

There is really no mystery about speech making. To-day, an audience requires only that you be natural; that you enunciate clearly; and that you have something really interesting to say. How different this is from public speaking when your mother was a girl! Then every boy speaker was expected to be an orator and every girl an elocutionist. Little wonder that the poor dears suffered nervous agonies when they mounted a platform.

Fortunately for you, modern speakers are asked only to be themselves. And, if you have brooded over a previous public occasion when you stammered painfully or forgot what you were going to say, dismiss it from your mind with a shrug. Let your watchword be, "Look forward—not backward!"

And now, let's get down to brass tacks and pretend you have an invitation to speak, for ten minutes, on "*What Girl Scouts Can Do To Promote Peace*." That's a big subject. Undoubtedly it will set you to racking your brain for ideas. You will scurry to the library to consult books and magazines until, at last, surrounded by stacks of notes and references, you are likely to gasp, "Oh dear, I feel swamped! How will I ever cram all this into a ten minute talk?"

The answer is, of course you can't.

Just as a carpenter knows that in ten days he cannot build a mansion, but only the simplest two-room house, so you must realize that, in ten minutes, you have only enough time to take up one point, or phase, concerning your subject, and to back up that point with two or three of your most interesting and telling reasons.

Never overstuff a speech with details; never try to take in too much territory. If you do, you will flounder helplessly and your audience will become confused and bored. A single point, well made and reinforced by several logical arguments, is worth more than fifty points flung in haphazard. Here is a reliable rule for amateurs to follow:

In a three to ten minute speech, take up only one main point, and support that point with two or three outstanding reasons. In a fifteen to thirty minute speech, select not more than two or three main points, supported by from four to six reasons.

Now let's try out this rule on your own speech. What *can* Girl Scouts do to promote peace? Your reply to that ques-

tion will be the foundation or major point of your address. And although you can probably think of a hundred excellent answers to this proposition, remember that you must concentrate on *one*!

For instance, suppose you decide that the promotion of international friendships is the most important contribution that Girl Scouts can make toward peace. This, then, will be your main point, the basis for your speech.

Why do you believe as you do? Well, the several reasons you choose to support your point will constitute the body or remainder of your speech. Simple, isn't it? Here you already have a skeleton outline for your talk, and all you need to do is fill it in.

"But what about my start?" you ask. "Of what use is an outline if I can't get going?"

You're right, of course. It is highly important that you make a pleasant first impression on your audience; that you establish a friendly atmosphere from the moment you mount the platform. So let's consider what you will do as soon as the presiding officer, or chairman, has announced your speech and you rise and step quietly forward.

"Madame Chairman!" you will say in a clear, well-modulated voice, and incline your head in acknowledgment of her introduction. "Fellow Scout members!" Now you turn to greet your audience, taking care to smile (never grin or smirk) in a friendly fashion. And because you sound neither brazenly self-confident nor a timid mumbler, the first impression you make is good.

How will you follow up this advantage and continue? Most veteran speakers do it by launching into an appropriate story, quotation, or joke. But take care that the one you choose applies directly to your subject and has human interest.

A speaker tells a story, not just to have something to say but to establish friendly contact with his hearers. You see, once an audience has laughed with you—or sighed with you—it is in a kindly mood and ready to take an interest in the other things you will have to say.



By ALMA BENECKE SASSE

Public speaking need hold no terrors for you, if you follow the simple rules and advice given in this article

Illustrated
by
CORINNE
MALVERN



YOUR BODY SHOULD BE RELAXED, YOUR
FEET WELL TOGETHER WITH ONE FOOT
SLIGHTLY IN ADVANCE OF THE OTHER

Where will you find suitable jokes and stories? Everywhere. In the experiences of yourself and your friends; in current magazines and books. Time and again, I have used stories from Mark Twain, or Will Rogers. Another fertile field is the newspapers, where humorous columnists often tell stories which are appropriate for this purpose.

But be careful to select a joke or story with a clearly cut point and one that, with slight alteration, ties up directly with the subject of your speech. Also, tell it as briefly as possible, cutting out every unnecessary word or detail.

For jokes that fall flat, and stories that seem pointless, fail for two reasons. Either the teller puts in so much detail that the point is lost, or he springs his point too soon and does not save it for the very end. The point of a joke should come in the very last sentence—and it should come with a *bang*!

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who was probably the greatest woman orator America has produced, was at her best when illustrating her speeches with a humorous story. I recall one meeting when she campaigned for woman suffrage in the South. Her speech began something like this:

"This morning I met a charming gentleman who assured me that he was opposed to women voting because he believed decisions of Government should rest in men's hands. 'I like to think,' he said, 'that man is the sturdy oak and woman the clinging vine.'"

"My friend," I told him, "it's plain you've never walked through the woods and looked around a bit. For, if you did, you'd soon discover that every sturdy oak around which the ivy clings is *dead at the top*!"

Observe how neatly Dr. Shaw whittled her story down to the bone. A less skillful speaker would have smothered the

point with twice as many words. Notice, too, how aptly her story tied up with the subject she was about to discuss; how her point exploded, like a bombshell, in the very last line. In fact, the last four words! This is how a joke should be told.

Suppose now, we try another angle. Let's begin your speech with a quotation and see how it can be made to introduce the main point of your discourse. You might start like this:

"Fellow Scout members: Most of us are familiar with those lines of Kipling's in which he says, '*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.*' We know, too, that this was Kipling's way of saying that the Eastern world and the Western world can never learn to understand one another because they are separated, not only by miles of ocean, but also by their thinking, their customs, and their religious beliefs.

"But Kipling's point of view is nearly fifty years old. He knew nothing then of the magic of radio or airplane. Nor did he suspect that, some day, a World Association of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides would assemble representatives from both the East and the West. Or that, year by year, these international gatherings would gain strength to foster a common ideal of friendship and trust between nations—instead of war!"

So much for beginnings. Now let's go on and consider an ending for your speech. In a short address, the ending is also the climax and, for this reason, it should have brevity, snap, and authority. This is when you sum up your argument, or chief point, in the most arresting and forceful manner of which you are capable.

At this time, your hearers' interest should be at its highest pitch and so should be your own eloquence and enthusiasm. But don't forget that many a good speech has been ruined because the speaker let his voice dwindle off into an unintelligible mumble at the end. So face your audience squarely and let your voice ring with confidence until the very last word is said.

"But—" you protest. "But—"

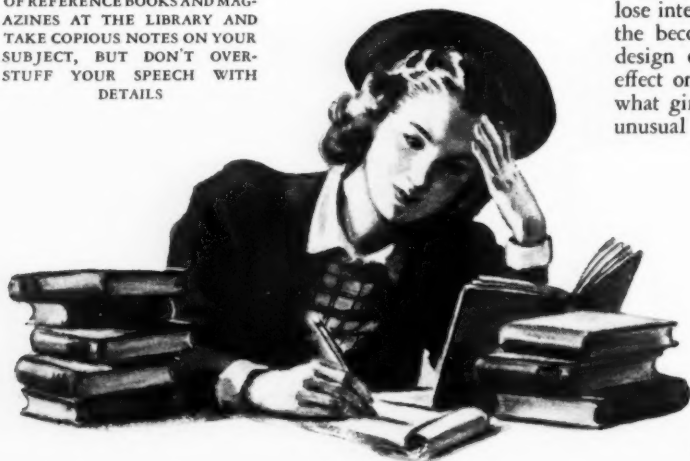
I know what you are going to ask. I can read the question in your eyes. It is the same question all pupils ask. You want to know if you should memorize your speech.

No!

Don't be fooled into believing that writing a speech and memorizing it is the safe and easy way. Most speakers who forget and flounder about miserably on the platform, have done just that thing. They prattle along smoothly enough until, suddenly, they forget a word. And then they are helpless as Humpty Dumpty. All the king's horses and all the king's men can't put their speech together again!

If, on the other hand, you follow the plan I am suggesting,

YOU WILL CONSULT ALL SORTS OF REFERENCE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES AT THE LIBRARY AND TAKE COPIOUS NOTES ON YOUR SUBJECT, BUT DON'T OVERSTUFF YOUR SPEECH WITH DETAILS



and talk from a well-planned outline, you will be able to take up the thread of your discussion at any point, and continue in a natural and easy manner. Furthermore, your audience will feel that you are really addressing them and not just reciting like a parrot.

Begin to practice on the delivery of your speech as soon as you have completed your outline. And, for this purpose, insist on privacy. Shut yourself in an empty room, the larger the better, and make sure that you are free from the prying eyes of curious brothers and sisters. Then take out your outline and begin filling in your speech out loud, in your own words.

At first, perhaps, the sound of your voice will startle you. Your words will come haltingly and you will stammer and falter as you try to express your ideas. But persevere! Every time you go over your subject out loud, it becomes clearer in your mind. And, eventually, you will be thrilled at the way apt words and phrases begin to come to you and fix themselves in your consciousness.

I promise that if you follow this practice conscientiously, the Big Day will not only find you prepared but anxious to do your part. And that you will mount the platform so sure of your subject and your ability to discuss it that stage fright will be impossible.

SO now you know how to organize a simple speech; how to practice; and how to deliver it naturally. But, in case you are interested in some of the finer points of speech making, here are a few time-tested tricks of the trade. Adopt them and you will not only add polish to your speech, but grace and glamour to yourself as a speaker. For instance, there is the subject of proper clothes.

It is surprising how few women and girls know what is considered an appropriate costume for a speaker. And by appropriate costume, I do not mean merely an afternoon frock for an afternoon meeting, or an evening gown for an evening affair. Appropriateness, in this case, implies the selection of clothing that does not distract attention from your speech.

Every speaker should realize that her purpose on the platform is to present worth-while ideas, not a striking picture. For her, the speech should be the important thing, and consequently she should wear clothing that is in good taste but never conspicuous. For example, a Girl Scout uniform would be ideal for an address to your fellow Scouts.

But let's suppose you are invited to speak at some place where more formal attire is required. And let's suppose, too, that you disregard all advice and appear with your hair done in intricate curls, and that you are clad in a dress of over-elaborate design. What will be the result?

Confusion!

Immediately, the feminine contingent of your audience will lose interest in your subject. They will begin to speculate on the becomingness of your hairdress and how the startling design of your costume was achieved. Consider, too, the effect on you. You want to appear natural and at ease, but what girl can act her normal self if she is decked out in an unusual and bizarre costume?

This does not mean, of course, that you are not to try and look as pretty or pleasing as you can, but only that you should do it in a natural and unaffected way. Dress simply and tastefully so as not to detract from your subject, and regard as absolutely taboo such accessories as dangling earrings, jingling bracelets, and long strings of beads that tempt your fingers to fiddle.

As a Girl Scout, you undoubtedly know the importance of an erect carriage. But have you been warned, too, never to try to speak with your hands behind your back? Amateur speakers frequently resort to this position because they don't know what to do (Continued on page 50)

SINK or SWIM

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

BUSHY RYDER stood on the piazza of her parents' summer home, enjoying—as she frequently did—an all-pervading sense of well-being. The day was cloudless, with just enough west wind to flutter the awnings on the porch; the incomparable view out to the islands was particularly fine; the blue-bright water promised a pleasing temperature. Bushy had partaken of a satisfactory breakfast somewhat earlier, and—it being now nearly ten thirty—was anticipating a mid-morning snack, of whose location in the icebox she had made sure. She was at peace with the world, in perfect harmony with the beauties of nature, and had, at the moment, no fault to find with herself.

Suddenly, a hand shot over her shoulder, cupped itself firmly under her chin—rendering outcry impossible—and drew her relentlessly backward. A moment afterward, an arm diagonalled across her chest, crushing the breath from between her ribs, and she felt herself being dragged from her footing. With a quite natural instinct for self-preservation she struck out vigorously, and she and her assailant fell heavily to the piazza floor, rolling over and over in a blind tussle.

"Lay off, you little wildcat!" gasped a strangely familiar voice, and, sitting up, Bushy descried the disheveled form of her brother, Edward Lofting Ryder, seated beside her on the floor.

"Lay off, indeed!" panted Bushy. "A fine thing! You creep up and do a Malay Strangler act, and expect me to recognize it as a brotherly embrace! I thought you were a Public Enemy!"

"Public Enemy!" puffed Lofty scornfully. "My poor ignorant child, couldn't you guess that I was practicing the preliminary steps toward becoming a Life Saver?"

Bushy squinted at her brother's crimson countenance. "You're more like a menace than a Life Saver," she observed. "Give me drowning any day, thank you!"

"Tush!" cried Lofty, picking himself up and dusting off the knees of his trousers.

"You mean," continued Bushy, "that your ambition is to be one of those bronzed athletes with Life Guard on his



"YOUR HAIR ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE A BADLY DRIED DECK MOP ANYWAY," SHOUTED LOFTY

Bushy could study the Life Saving manual as well as Lofty, and she didn't fancy being the Victim all of the time

chest, for whose sake all the girls pretend to be sinking at sea? Not with your set-up, my boy."

"No, not at all!" said Lofty with annoyance. "You aren't aware of my purpose. Come now—at last you are going to fill a great need in my life. That ought to thrill you. Get into your bathing suit."

"I was considering that very thing when I was set upon, you ape man," rejoined Bushy. "I'm going to potter around in the boat, and swim later."

"Oh, no, you're not," Lofty informed her. "You're going to drown for me—continuously—from now on."

"Something I should have supposed one could do only once," observed Bushy. "Do you mind telling me what all this is about? First I'm to fill a need in your life; then it appears I'm to be drowned at once and vanish from your life forever."

"Get into your bathing suit and stop trying to be funny," commanded Lofty. "I'll explain on the way down."

Bushy was ready before her brother, and waited for him on the piazza. But her complacent mood was gone. Now

she must forego that snack until after she came out of the water, and instead of basking in her boat and taking a dip at her pleasure, she must wait upon the whims of Lofty Ryder. Why should she? Bushy demanded of herself. She stamped her bare foot on the warm, weathered boards of the piazza floor, and started on a run for the boathouse. But padding footsteps caught up with her.

"Glad you're so eager to begin," cried Lofty. "But save your wind—you may need it. You see, little one, this is how it stands. Though we all swim pretty well around here, nobody but His High-and-Mightiness, Jem Duncan, wears that impressive little Life Saver emblem on his bathing suit. I thought it was high time I joined him. I have the book—as you see—and I propose to perfect myself in the art of rescue before the Offshore Club water sports on Labor Day."

"Why before then, especially?" Bushy wondered.

"Well," said Lofty, tossing the manual into the air and catching it, "I thought it would make an interesting demonstration if Margie Olmsted, for instance—to choose at random—should feign drowning, and I should save her."

"Charming, charming!" cried Bushy. "In that case, I should think you'd choose—at random, of course—to practice on Margie instead of on me."

"My dear Beatrice," said Lofty, "I shouldn't dream of subjecting Marjorie to the tedious preliminaries."

"I understand perfectly," Bushy remarked with some bitterness. They had reached the boat skid, and after testing the water with her toe and finding it colder than it looked, Bushy began grimly pulling on her bathing cap.

"Leave that off!" ordered Lofty, looking up from the handbook. Bushy stared at him. "The simplest carry, with which I shall begin," her brother explained, "is the Hair Carry. How can I do it if you haven't any hair to get hold of?"

Bushy looked frankly rebellious. "The question is," she said, "not *how* you can do it, but *if* you can do it. I may have hair now, but shall I have any when you get through? Anyway, I thought only villains in melodramas dragged ladies around by the hair of their heads."

"Take off your cap," Lofty repeated firmly. "Your hair always looks like a badly dried deck mop, anyway; you shouldn't object to getting it wetter."

"I do object to getting water in my ears," Bushy protested.

"You may get water in more than your ears before we get through," Lofty told her, but was fortunately unheard as his sister splashed resignedly into the shallows. Lofty waded out, then swam after her energetically.

"This is far enough," he called. "Now drown!"

"Dunno how. Never did it before," Bushy bubbled.

"I'll show you!" Lofty shouted menacingly, surging toward her. Before she could escape, he had twirled her face upward and, twining his fingers in her topknot, began towing her toward the shore. At every stroke he managed to douse her head under, and as the moments above water were too brief for her to do more than splutter and catch her breath, she was half water-logged when he allowed her to get her footing.

"I'll say you showed me," gulped Bushy, wringing out her hair. "I was never so nearly drowned in all my life. That *can't* be the proper way! Why, if the poor victim wasn't finished already, he surely would be by the time you got him ashore. Where's your book?"

"Do you think I carry it around under water?" inquired Lofty. "It's on the skid. Come on—we'll try it again. I didn't hold my wrist down enough, and I didn't get your hair close enough to your forehead."

"You got it at some point where it was firmly attached to me," complained Bushy bitterly. "It hurt like fury; I'd like to know what you mean to do next time, scalp me?"



MARGIE MADE FEIGNED GESTICULATIONS FOR HELP WHILE LOFTY DROPPED HIS OARS AND TOOK A DRAMATIC HEADER OVER THE SIDE

"Pipe down now," said Lofty, "and get out in the water." "How do you intend to reward me for this devotion, Edward Ryder?" Bushy demanded.

"It should be sufficient reward for you to feel the satisfaction of having helped me to become an efficient safeguard of humanity," observed Lofty.

"Fancy being able to say all that in eight feet of water!" said Bushy admiringly. "All right, my little life preserver—lay on!"

The Hair Carry worked out rather more successfully this time, though Bushy did not particularly enjoy the curious sensation of being towed backward like an old log, with only wet glimpses of sky above her defenseless face. She was bumped up against the skid, and crawled out thankfully to bask and drip on the hot boards.

"It says in the book," said Lofty, who was consulting his manual, "that the Hair Carry should really only be used on semi-conscious victims, but—"

"The less conscious the better, I should say," put in Bushy. "Otherwise, they might bite the hand that towed them."

"In that particular attitude," said Lofty gravely, "such a procedure would be impossible."

"You're impossible!" grumbled Bushy. "Lemme see the book. The pictures look helpful."

Lofty rose. "To work, to work!" he ordered. "We shall



now make an attempt to do some simple holds and breaks."

"Do you hold me, and I break you?" Bushy inquired eagerly. "I'm yearning to."

"*You hold me,*" instructed Lofty, "in a convulsive manner, as if you were in danger, and I break your hold and get you into a carrying position. We do it right here on the skid at first. Land practice, till I get proficient."

"Till *you* get proficient!" cried Bushy. "When *I* get proficient in convulsively strangling you, you may need to call in Jem Duncan."

"Hush up, and grab me," said Lofty, one eye on the fluttering leaves of the handbook.

Bushy hushed and grabbed, with such unexpected force and suddenness that Lofty merely gurgled helplessly for a moment.

"Well, here I am," Bushy informed him. "*Do something, or we'll both drown!*"

Lofty looked down in bewilderment at the dry boards of the skid beneath their feet, and then, recovering himself, gulped, "Impossible, my child, seeing that we're on *terra firma* at the moment."

Bushy relaxed her grasp and fetched a sigh of annoyance. "Aren't you blessed with any imagination?" she marveled. "I'm merely trying to be a bit realistic. Thought it might help you."

"Get a realistic grip on my neck, will you?" Lofty commanded.

"With pleasure," assented Bushy, snapping into action.

Lofty panted, went through some contortions, and Bushy found herself twisted around with her back to the rescuer and her arms released from about his neck.

"That's breaking the head hold," he informed her with pride. "Now do it with your face on my left shoulder, and then I'll reverse the process."

Another struggle, and Bushy was again turned around, willy-nilly.

"Now we'll do it in the water," her brother stated.

"Don't you drown me in good earnest, you sea serpent," cautioned Bushy. "The book says to practice at first in shoulder-deep water, I note."

"All right, timid one," Lofty agreed tolerantly. "Wade out a bit—and hold your breath. I shall have to put you under."

Bushy was put under, and kept under, and twirled around, and leveled off, and dragged by the hair, the chin, and in an unsuccessful attempt at the Cross-Chest Carry.

"I wish Jem Duncan

would come and save me," she bumbled.

"Time out on the skid," announced Lofty. "I have to study."

While Bushy lay prone on the soothingly warm boards of the boat skid, Lofty dripped on the book and squinted at the sunlit page.

"Taking a grip as he would hold a baseball bat. . . ." he read, scowling, "the rescuer bears down with his forearm on the victim's extended arms, thereby submerging him. Immediately, the foot . . . is swung up and over the extended arms and placed on the outer shoulder. Holding the wrist firmly, the rescuer presses the victim backward by extending the leg. . . ."

"Oh, no, he doesn't!" cried Bushy, rearing her sodden head in alarm. "No wonder they call it a *Victim*. Say, why don't you practice on a dummy?"

Lofty stared at her. "Just what do you think *I am* doing?" he inquired in glacial tones.

Finding that no adequate answer sprang to her usually ready tongue, Bushy arose suddenly and with decision, and ran off up the road before Lofty could scramble to his feet. She ran as if her life depended on it—and as she padded along she prayed that the cold croquette and the piece of lemon pie were still in the refrigerator.

In the ensuing days, the Victim swallowed a considerable amount of salt water, existed in a perpetually moist and sandy condition, and spent her spare moments on land in diligently studying the Water Safety handbook. She began to per-

ceive a method in the rescuer's madness, and to understand and admire the system by which every possible hold and grip could be safely and easily broken. "These are things we all ought to know," she told the book. "We've been dumb, thinking just because we've all been able to swim well since we were babies that we were perfectly safe." Water was a big, a powerful element—like fire—to be treated with knowledge and sense and respect. How serious was Lofty, she wondered? Was he just trying to show off before Margie and cut Jem Duncan out? Or was he, too, suddenly impressed by the possible dangers of their familiar blue bay?

There came a morning when Bushy, treading water beside her brother, said, "Suppose you were to give me a chance once in a while. Grab me, and let me see if I can save you."

"I value myself far too highly," Lofty snorted, shaking his head. "No, you and Margie grip one another, and I'll try the double rescue."

"Not on your life!" cried Bushy. "I've read the book. You have to choose which one to save, and let the other one go—and I know all too well the one you'd choose! No, my young fellow, you grab me, I tell you."

"Very well!" shouted Lofty, approaching with a threatening crawl. "I'll grab you, all right, all right!"

He tackled her with a vigorous and determined hold, and they both went down. Then Lofty was surprised and chagrined to find his superior strength of no avail as Bushy twisted his arms over his head, pushed his stomach, leveled him off, and proceeded—with relish—to tow him shoreward by his bedraggled forelock.

"Well, well," he spluttered, writhing in Bushy's firm grasp. "Didn't suppose you could break my hold. Hey, leggo my hair, you fiendish tugboat! I can swim ashore."

"I know you *can* swim ashore," said Bushy sternly, tightening her grip and ducking him at intervals, "but you're going to be dragged ashore. You're the Victim, for once."

"Lemme go!" begged Lofty. "Where'd you get so proficient, anyway?"

"I've been practicing with Jem Duncan," Bushy informed him. "Now there's a Life Saver!"

Lofty tore himself free and swam abreast of his sister. "So that's what you've been doing behind my back!" he cried. "And all the while pretending you were water-logged from practicing with *me*. Just because he's in college—just because he's got a label sewed on the front of his bathing suit—just because he wins a few races with that cock-eyed boat of his—he thinks he's a superman! Well, very soon—"

"Very soon, I shall submerge you and not come down after you," Bushy stated emphatically. "Jem knows how to *teach*. You ought to practice with him a bit; it would improve your technic. What was I learning about Life Saving, may I ask, being nothing but the Victim? Jem teaches me how to do rescues."

"You, my dear shrimplet, are not supposed to be the one that's learning Life Saving," Lofty told her. "I am the rescuer; I need the practice. And you be sure I can get plenty of it without having Jem Duncan strangling me, thank you."

"You're welcome," said Bushy; then her tone changed. "Oh! Marge is making high-signs on the skid. My dear, she has cookies or something!" The water boiled behind Bushy, and Lofty was left wallowing in her wake.

Swim time, these late August days, had by now become a serious and purposeful occasion. Jem instructed Bushy. Bushy was victimized by Lofty. Margie practiced with Bushy. The others took time out for pleasure swimming and sun baths; Bushy seemed to be the only one who was forever doing life saving with somebody or other. At last the moment arrived when Lofty dared to try out his knowledge on Margie in a discreet manner—for, after all, was it not with her that his great demonstration on Labor Day was to take place? He had wanted to keep it all secret—to impress an admiring shore line of spectators with his prowess on the day itself—and especially to spring his equality upon Jem Duncan. But what with Bushy taking it upon herself to practice all over the place, and Jem giving her pointers, and a splashing circle of small fry watching and applauding at all hours, it was by now an established fact that Lofty Ryder was soon to be an accredited Life Saver.

"And what," inquired Bushy, "is to be my share in the sports?"

"The Labor Day water sports," declaimed Lofty, as if he were announcing over a radio, "are a presentation of the Off-shore Club. You, not being a member of said club, will not actively participate in said sports."

"Well, of all the low tricks!" cried Bushy indignantly. "Here I am practically a saturated solution of what was once a normal young girl, all for your sake, and now I'm supposed to sit on shore and give you a big hand. Really, Edward Ryder, I—"

"You can probably have quite a jolly time in the Junior Events," said Lofty hastily. "Tub races, or something. There'll be Junior Events."

"I'll bet there will," growled Bushy. "All the little tots giggling around with their water wings. No, thank you. I shall go out in my boat and maintain a discreet aloofness."

"Please yourself," said Lofty, examining his new bathing suit.

"Looking to see where your new emblem will look prettiest?" wondered Bushy. "Why not sew it on your tuxedo?" She withdrew promptly.

Labor Day dawned prodigiously hot, as it so often does. The bay was calm and looked unusually inviting. In the morning were to be the water sports,

followed by a clambake; in the afternoon, the finals of the tennis tournament. The water front was alive with laughing young people—the girls in fresh, gay dresses, the boys in white flannels. Grateful breadwinners, basking in the luxury of a long week-end, forgot the office and anticipated tennis. Mothers adjusted their sun glasses and tried to single out their own offspring from among the shifting group of small fry on the beach.

At eleven o'clock, a crowd had assembled on the boat skid and along the shore to view the water sports. There was a short sailboat race, won—as usual—by Jem Duncan's unbeatable red-sailed knockabout. Then the swimming events took place; fancy diving from the (Continued on page 46)

Fill Your Cup

By LEONA AMES HILL

If in the night, or day, or at the turning
Of any lovely season of the year,
You mark some thing your own—a flower, a burning
Red leaf on some black twig; if any clear
And shining look of rain across the sky,
Or any scent of stargrass on a hill,
Sunny and yellow, or any sound of high
Wind-murmuring trees is yours to love, then fill
Your cup with beauty, fill your empty cup,
So that your soul may stop and rest and sup.

YOUR ROOM and YOU

By
**FLORENCE
SMITH
VINCENT**

Photograph
by Richard
Averill
Smith



A CHARMING, FEMININE ROOM IN WHICH OVAL MIRRORS REFLECT SUNLIGHT AND PICK UP THE FLORAL PATTERN ON THE PAPER. THE HOOKED RUG, BEDSPREAD, AND CURTAIN VALANCE REPEAT ITS COLORS

THERE'S the right room for every girl—and there's the wrong one! If you want to make sure which yours is, ask yourself, "Is my room becoming?" This isn't foolish question number so-and-so, but a sound and sensible query that ought to make you stop and look over those headquarters of yours.

Your room *ought* to be becoming—and as well suited to your personality as the clothes you wear. The colors with which you live ought to do as much for you as those in your dress and hat. Your surroundings should be as fresh and trim as your hair-do. If you have a clutter of furniture and too many ornaments in your room, they spoil its charm in exactly the same way, and for the same reason, that too many bracelets and rings cheapen the appearance of any costume. So every piece of furniture and every little gadget ought to be there for one of three reasons only—because you need it; because it gives you pleasure; because, in some way, it helps you to express yourself. Good taste dictates how the well-groomed girl shall dress—why not what the well-groomed room shall wear?

When it comes to clothes, you are pretty sure what shades go best with your eyes and complexion. If your hair happens to be red, you wouldn't top it with a scarlet hat; the flame in your hair is flame enough, and for contrast you choose soft grayed tones. If you are a blonde, you can wear certain tones better than the brunette, and the other way around. The chances are you know all the right answers when it comes to color in clothes. But—how about the paper on your walls, the

Your room should express your own personality in its colors and furnishings. Modern wall paper will help you to create a background as becoming as your clothes

curtains at your windows, the rugs on your floor? Do they put you at your best?

If that room of yours needs doing over this year, ask Mother to let you help her plan its decorative scheme; go with her to the shops to pick out the wall paper, the curtains, the furniture—whatever new things the budget will allow. The chances are that Mother will welcome your suggestions if you can show her that you know what you are talking about. Once you are sure of a few of the first principles of home decoration, you understand why the simpler way is often the better, and the simpler things the more beautiful. You know better than to buy an article just for the sake of possessing it, if the article adds nothing to your pleasure or comfort. You will pick interesting patterns, comfortable chairs, durable rugs—realizing that if they do not possess these virtues, in addition to their beauty, they are not the right things for you.

Walls make the room, so all interior decoration begins there. But don't make the mistake of taking these walls as a matter of course—merely four rectangles that the architect has joined together as a sort of parking space for your belongings. If you do, you can't expect your room to have much character, or to be the kind of room you'll want to spend much time in. Treat these walls as a frame for the picture that is

Photograph by Dana B. Merrill



THIS WAS NOTHING BUT A DULL LITTLE ATTIC ROOM UNTIL ITS SLOPING WALLS WERE TURNED INTO A GARDEN OF LILIES AND ITS SHY WINDOW BROUGHT OUT OF HIDING WITH CRISP RUFFLED CURTAINS. NOW IT'S A DELIGHTFUL STUDIO BEDROOM TO WHICH ONE'S INTIMATE FRIENDS MAY BE INVITED TO TEA

your own personality, and your room becomes the dearest spot on earth—a restful place to relax when you are tired, a peaceful place to study undisturbed, a cheerfully inviting place to bring your friends.

Color in your room is important for another reason than that it is becoming. Scientists say that color has a very definite effect on our moods, that the same shade may do different things to different people. They say, for instance, that while red may cause you to feel as gay as a lark, it may make your best friend restless or cross. If blue is your color, it does a lot to make you feel that all's well with the world. On the contrary, blue may give someone else an attack of "the blues."

This seems all very odd, doesn't it?—but it is true! The way color makes you feel and act is called "color psychology." If you are interested, you can learn more about it from books. Certainly it will be worth your while to discover your own happy hues in order to work out a background that will make you not only look but feel your very best.

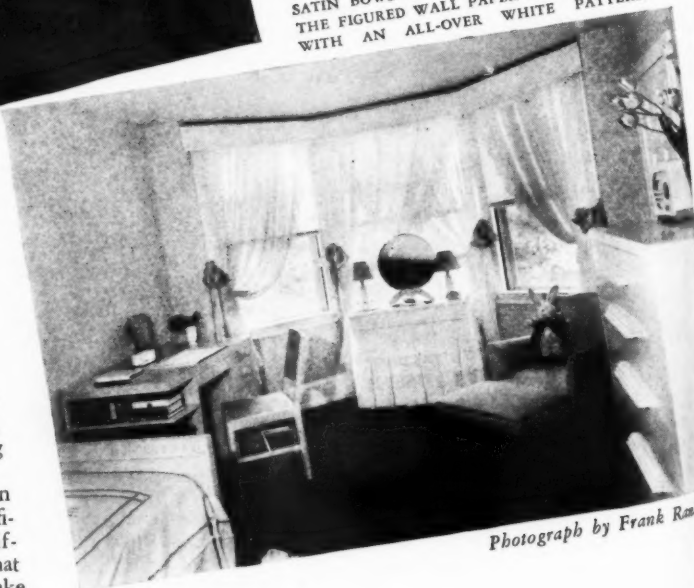
Creating this background is one of the most exciting and interesting jobs you can undertake. It is the sort of job in which you learn by doing; experience teaches you many things about color and design that will help you some day to make an attractive home of your own when the time comes. It's fun, too. Once you get into the spirit of it, you whistle while you work.

The new wall papers make it easy for you to find the right color around which to build your room. This means that everything in that room bears a relation to everything else. If you have your furniture to start with, and it is of dark wood, you will want light walls for contrast. Pastels would be too

wishy-washy a background for the new bleached woods, wouldn't show them off at all. Colors in your bedspread and your curtains ought to pick up the tones of the walls. Maybe you can find curtains patterned like the paper.

The chances are you will have to live quite a while with your wall paper, so pick patterns that are easy on the eyes. You will grow tired of colors that glare at you and designs that stick out like sore thumbs. Shades as softly blended as the tones in music are best for the background that is to grow older along with you. Dusty pinks, pale yellows, greens as fresh and cool as those in a spring landscape—these are pleasant to live with, and will not grow tiresome.

A MODERN TREATMENT IN WHICH SHEER, GRACEFUL CURTAINS ARE TIED BACK WITH SATIN BOWS OF TURQUOISE AND PEACH. THE FIGURED WALL PAPER IS PEACH-PINK WITH AN ALL-OVER WHITE PATTERN



Photograph by Frank Raulo

Think of wall paper as a sort of drop curtain for the stage that is your room—the background for the person that is you, and you have the big idea!

The pattern of a paper is just as important as its colors. The kind of pattern you select again depends upon the way your room is furnished. Maybe your bed and dresser and chairs are maple—the hue of honey maple—or perhaps your furniture is walnut, or mahogany, with surfaces polished until they shine like mirrors. These woods were popular when America was a Colony, so why not background them with a paper for all the world like that which hung on the walls of old-fashioned girls of long ago? These wall paper copies are as quaint as the way Sister Sally has taken to doing up her hair and the perky little hat she pitches over one eye. But, of course, quaint walls wouldn't be right for furniture that is modern in design. For blond maple or walnut, pickled pine, or even painted pieces, you should select paper as up-to-date as swing music, paper that has such rhythm in design as will set your eyes—if not your feet—to dancing.

If you have a number of good pictures, plain paper will

show them off. If you own no more than two or three that are really worth hanging, they're enough. Many of the new patterns are pictures in themselves—small landscapes that remind you of the country in summer; groups of tiny figures, as gay as gay can be; birds and blossoms almost as large as life and quite as natural.

Here's an interesting suggestion from decorator Harriet Harding. She says: "Make your favorite hobby a part of your decorative scheme; feature it in pictures and in gadgets—not too many, of course, and well selected. If you love dogs, or horses, collect some photographs of them, really good photographs. Frame them simply and all alike, and make an interesting arrangement of them on your walls. Figurines of the animals might stand on a shelf especially provided for them; if you've only one or two, there may be a place for them on your table, or dresser."

YOU might reverse the order of things and work out a decorative scheme inspired by the colors and design in some picture you are particularly fond of, or even by a pet little china figure.

"Books are friendly things. Make something of their colorful bindings," says Miss Harding. "A tea table is friendly, too. In addition to being a reason for inviting your intimate friends to your room, the tea table is a glamour touch and very decorative when it is all set with dainty and colorful china and ready to serve from."

Walls may make the room, but curtains dress it up. Without draperies, the window is little more than a hole in the wall through which the light comes. As a matter of fact, window hangings do more than any other single item in decoration to give a room a homelike air.

Each window is a special problem that good taste and common sense will solve. At this point, let's repeat the comparison between your clothes and your room. Let's say you have the dress and coat, and that what you need is a hat. Your contours are round, we'll say, so you try on one hat and another, and finally buy one that doesn't make

your face look like a full moon and goes well with the rest of your costume.

Just as you relate your hat to your face and your dress and coat, you should relate your curtains to your room. Never make a haphazard selection, no matter how pretty the curtains may look on the counter in the store.

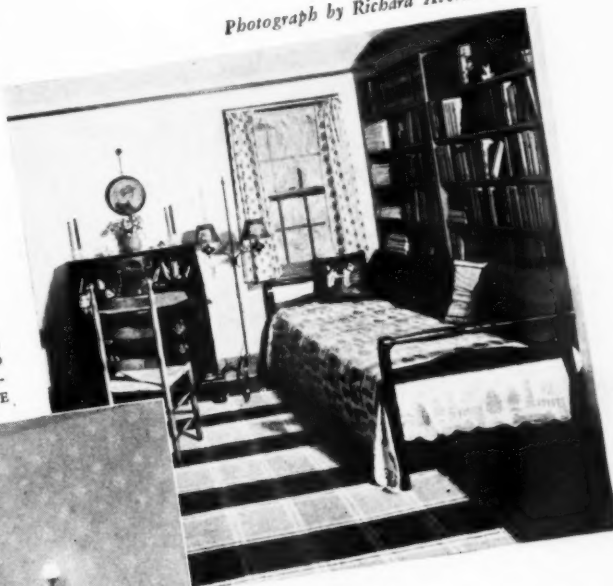
If your room has the appearance of a room in a college dormitory, dress its windows in rough-and-ready fabrics to match couch cover and pillows. Gingham, rep, denim, monks' cloth, or corduroy—you have wide leeway for variation.

Fluffy ruffles would look foolish in a room of such sturdy character, but they add allure to the very feminine room; organdie, net, voile, dotted Swiss are the stuffs of which such airy, graceful curtains are made. In one of the most attractive girls' rooms we can think of, the dots in the Swiss repeat the brightest color in the rug, and really tie the whole room together.

Drapes of linen, hanging without a wrinkle, will give a tailored finish to the window, if your room is modern and has a touch of formality.

If you are the type that longs to be just a little older than you really are, curtains of transparent silk will give the win-

Photograph by Richard Averill Smith



A BEDROOM STUDY THAT WOULD INVITE ANY GIRL TO REST AND READ. PLAIN WALLS SERVE AS A BACKGROUND TO FIGURED DRAPERIES. A DAY-BED WITH COLORFUL SPREAD AND PILLOWS COMPLEMENTS THE GAY BINDINGS OF THE MANY BOOKS WITHIN EASY REACH ON THE SHELVES ABOVE.



Photograph by Frank Randt

A COLONIAL BEDROOM IN PASTEL SHADES OF PALE BLUE AND PINK, WITH WHITE, TUFTED BEDSPREADS, AND CHAISE LONGUE SLIP COVER DONE IN WHITE WITH PINK WELTINGS.

dows an air of sophistication that may be exactly what your room needs, to be smart.

As for printed chintz, there is nothing better with plain walls. Miss Harriet Harding believes it might be lots of fun to carry the hobby idea over into your draperies. It ought not to be too hard, for there is such an assortment of prints on the market, at present.

Now to hang your curtains! Long or short, with tie-backs or without them, crossed at the top, or with a valance? It all depends upon the length and the width of the windows, whether the fabric is heavy or light, and on the general character of the room.

Here's (Continued on page 45)

THEY HELD THE FORT *by*

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

THE spaniel looked back as the door of the fort known as Number Four clanged behind him. He looked ahead at the half-dozen men mounted on horseback and at the dogs circling about the horses' feet.

As Captain Stevens latched the door of the fort and turned the great key, the spaniel whined. He could not understand what was happening. There were many things that day which worried him.

The summer of 1746 had been a terrible one for the settlers and soldiers at Number Four. Six times since the snow melted from the meadows and the

A true story of a dog and cat who became friends in need and held a northern outpost in New Hampshire against the Indians

last of the ice had slipped from the river, the fort had been attacked by Indians.

In several of the attacks, it had been the keen noses of the dogs which had given warning of the Indians' coming. Six times the savages had been driven away, though sometimes they had taken captives with them in their going. But never once had they managed to enter the fort. Always the soldiers and settlers—yes, and the dogs—had been too clever for the skulking enemy.

Yet only a few weeks ago all the settlers and most of the soldiers had departed—men, women, and children going on horseback down to the more settled country of Massachusetts, where the danger from the Indians was less.

The spaniel had stayed on with his master, Captain Stevens. But now his master was mounted, was closing the door behind him. Was he, too, leaving the fort?

"Yes," said Phineas Stevens, as though he read the question in the dog's mind, "we must go, too, now that winter is almost here. Though I think it very foolish. Somebody ought to hold this fort. The safety of the settlers in Massachusetts depends upon its outposts. But Massachusetts lawmakers do not

THE SPANIEL COULD NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS HAPPENING AS HE LOOKED AT THE CLOSED DOOR OF THE FORT



seem to realize how important these facts are."

He mounted his horse and turned its head southward after the others. The spaniel fell into line. But neither the men, nor the spaniel, saw the feline form crouched in the reeds by the river, and the two glittering eyes that watched their departure.

Every little while the spaniel stopped to look back. Once he stood on a knoll for a last glimpse of the only home he had known. How terrible it would be if the Indians should come, and there should be no dog there to give warning! The soldiers always had depended greatly on their dogs for this service. That was why the border forts had dogs trained "to smell an Indian a mile away."

The spaniel did not know, of course, that Number Four was the last of a series of forts built by the people of Massachusetts along the Connecticut River. It was the most northern outpost of the English settlers. The walls of Number Four encircled five houses which daring men had built in the wilderness for their families. In one of these houses, the family of Captain Stevens had lived. Still more houses, a log church, some barns and huts, were outside the fort's protecting walls.

France and England were now at war, and the Indians of Canada were (Continued on page 49)

Illustrated by
J. J. EPP



CAMPS PROVIDE

for GIRL SCOUTS

*where they may
the joy of camp
in the out-of-*

LEFT: A TYPICAL
ER AT BEECHWOOD
HAMILTON, OHIO. R
A SEATTLE, WASHIN
GIRL SCOUT PRAC
ARCHERY ON THE B



A STRAW RIDE FOR TOLEDO, OHIO GIRL SCOUTS
ON THE FARM, CAMP EDWARD DRUMMOND LIBBEY



A SNAIL BY THE TAIL!
SNAIL HUNTING IS AN
ENGROSSING OCCUPA-
TION TO THIS MEMBER
OF THE BROWNIE CAMP
AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.
HER NATURE NOTE-
BOOK WILL HAVE SOME
NEW ENTRIES WHEN
SHE HAS STUDIED THE
WAYS OF HER CAPTIVE



HAMILTON, OHIO DAY CAMPERS STIR PANS OF FUDGE ON AN OUTDOOR GRILL



"LITTLE LAMB, WADE

IDE HAPPY DAYS

for GIRL SCOUTS

*they may taste
of comradeship
out-of-doors*

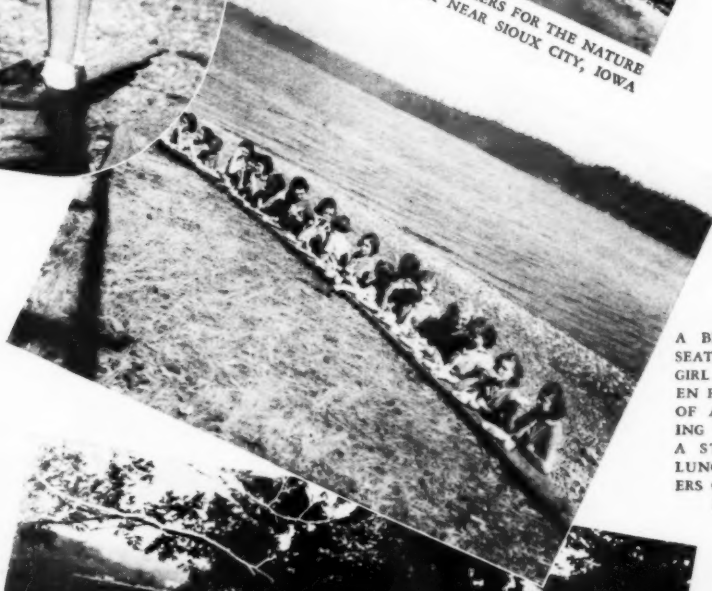
A TYPICAL CAMP-
BEECHWOOD NEAR
TON, OH. RIGHT:
TLE, WASHINGTON
SCOUT PRACTICES
RY ON THE BEACH



SCOUTS PUT UP NEW MARKERS FOR THE NATURE
TRAIL AT STONE PARK NEAR SIOUX CITY, IOWA



LAMB, WADE THEE?"



A BEACH PICNIC FOR
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
GIRL SCOUTS. A WOOD-
EN PLANK AT THE TOP
OF A CURVED RETAIN-
ING WALL SERVES AS
A STAND-UP QUICK
LUNCH BAR FOR CAMP-
ERS ON THE SHORE OF
PUGET SOUND



GIRL SCOUTS SKETCH THE VIEW OF A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE LITTLE MIAMI

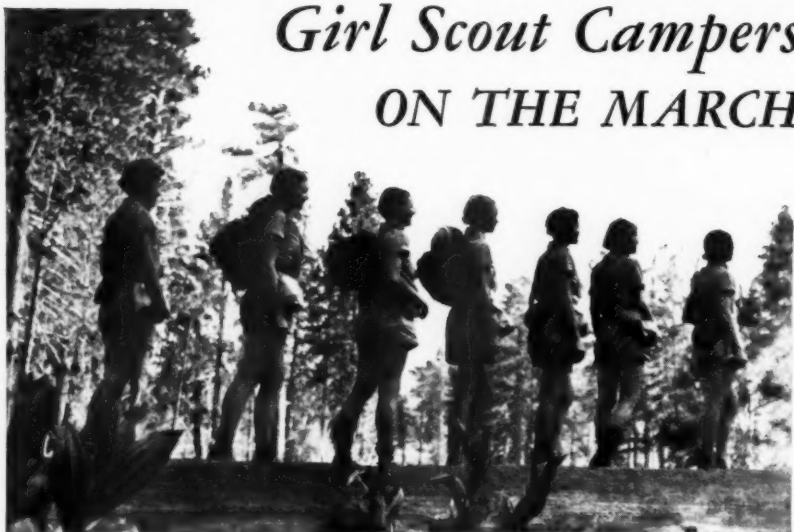
A GYPSY TRIP FROM CAMP OSITO

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: After two days of planning, we set out on our pioneer Gypsy Trip. The menus, food portions, and packing were left up to a few girls who were working on their Pioneer badge.

We left camp by automobile, with our bulging nosebags, and rode around Big Bear Lake to the town of Fawnskin, and there bid farewell to our friends. With dripping canteens, first-aid kit, snake stick, and pedometer we set out on a hot, dusty hike through Fawnskin Valley. A very pretty sight to behold was the blooming mountain mahogany on the sides of the hills.

Our first real stop was Hannon Flats which was three miles from the start. We rested there for two hours and secured fresh, cool water for our canteens. Feeling refreshed, we started on our way once again.

Big Pine Flats, which was four miles from Hannon Flats, was our destination for the first night. Our luggage was brought to us by the camp station wagon, camp was set up, and the cooks busily prepared supper. Our first meal in the wilderness was a very successful one. During the middle of the meal we had a visitor. This stranger was an interesting character from the back country, who was mining for gold. He told us some funny and fascinating stories about pack trips he took in New Mexico twenty years ago. He also brought the girls some rock specimens which, he claimed, contained gold.



SENIOR SCOUTS AT CAMP OSITO, WITH KNAPSACKS ON THEIR BACKS, START ON A HIKE

Not far from our establishment was the region Ranger Station. The girls had the thrill of putting on a demonstration of formal Retreat at the station. The Ranger told us that it was the first time in over a year that the flag had been folded correctly.

The most interesting feature of the fol-

lowing day was our trip to Greenlead mine. There we were shown the fundamentals of panning gold, and we were all given a good-sized piece of gold ore. Near the mine the group explored two cabins that were built in the middle of the nineteenth century. There we found a few homemade nails and old newspapers which contained articles about the Spanish-American War. The road that brought us to this interesting place was once a coach road, used during the Gold Rush.

We spent two nights at Big Pine Flats, sleeping on beds of pine needles, and then we ventured on to Hawes Ranch. It was only five miles from our first stop-over.

The country here was very different from that near our first camp site. Piñon pines and sagebrush were numerous. We set up our kitchen in a small meadow beneath a lone pine tree near a stream, and went off under a group of pines for sleeping.

The next day we set off on an exciting trip. We took with us our food for lunch and a limited amount of cooking utensils, also some homemade fishing tackle. We tramped along a grand trail following a stream, and then climbed a high peak from which we could see Lake Arrowhead. We then set off down a hot, rocky trail to Holcomb Creek where water rushed over huge boulders. The girls enjoyed an afternoon of cooking and fishing—but the fishing was all in vain.

The next day was the last of our Gypsy Trip. To end our marvelous time in the best manner, we had chicken and dumplings cooked in our Dutch oven.

During this enjoyable trip we had more opportunity for exploring the surrounding country than we did for cooking in Pioneer fashion, because it was necessary to camp in camp sites that were already established. We did, however, use our reflector ovens for biscuits and muffins, and cooked quite a few Girl Scout dishes.

All in all, we hiked thirty-two miles.
Ruth Kenny

AT THE PROVIDENCE DAY CAMPS

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND: The Girl Scouts of Providence have three very fine Day Camps, two on the grounds of the private schools, Lincoln and Elmhurst, and the third on the Pawtuxet State Reservation. They are



ABOVE: ARCHERY RANGE AT OSITO, THE LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA NEW SUMMER CAMP COMPRISING ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES OF BEAUTIFUL FOREST LAND IN THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS. BELOW: FIRE CIRCLE IN THE WILLOW UNIT FOR TEN-AND-ELEVEN-YEAR-OLDS





CAMP OSITO'S PIONEER UNIT HAD GRAND FUN ON THEIR THIRTY-TWO MILE GYPSY TRIP

run on separate days, so it is possible for us to attend one or all three camps. Each is lovely and quite different.

For any girl interested in metal work, wood carving, weaving, basketry, or photography, our camps are the right places to which to come. We had a lot of new archery equipment last year and organized teams in the camps. Then, too, we played a great deal of baseball, volley ball, and tennis.

Have you ever tried making a skillet out of a coffee can? If not, try it sometime and see what fun it really is. We used such a skillet for frying hamburgers at one camp. We also tried baking potatoes in a wood fire and, of course, we roasted marshmallows on sticks. You see we usually plan to cook our lunches when we go to Day Camp, and it is fun to try all the tricky cooking ideas of which we hear.

The mothers of us Girl Scouts who tried these things this summer knew we had a wonderful time, and mine often wished she could do the things we did, too. She thinks it is grand that I can go to our Day Camps.

Sometimes, when we had worked on one interest at a camp for several days and had learned a good deal about it, we were surprised to find that we had earned a badge. You could hardly say we *worked* for the badges—because it was all play, really—but it was a nice feeling to have something to remind us of the things we had done together.

One day all the Elmhurst girls were loaded into trucks for a trip to Camp Hoffman, the Rhode Island established camp. We explored the whole place and saw our friends who were staying there for two weeks.

Ursula Coates

AT CAMP GREEN EYRIE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS: "Here, let me help, Jean!" came a welcoming voice from a thicket of fresh green pine trees. I was vainly struggling with a suitcase and a huge duffel bag stuffed with camping equipment, and as I was the last of the eight Pioneers to arrive, I had to take what was left, of course. My roommate had chosen well, however, and the tent on the hill was all ours for two weeks. It was surrounded by green trees, with just enough of an opening for a path. Here, in friendly quarters, with eager Girl Scouts and understanding, fun-loving counselors, I spent

another brief, happy interlude at Green Eyrie.

A Pioneer! How old and experienced I felt. Pioneering, in one sense, means exploring into new places, yet in another it means being old and capable enough to do new and unaccustomed things. There were eight of us, ranging from sixteen to eighteen, and two counselors.

We interchanged our camp kapers, which were wood gathering, fire building, cooking, and dish washing. Our encampment was in the shape of a half moon made by the lake. Down near the water's edge, on one side, was an overhanging cliff with a huge, flat rock beneath. This was our stove. Around this

"stove" we had all the conveniences of a modern kitchen. A drain, made by a hole in the ground lined with rocks; a dish rack, made of medium-sized branches lashed together; tables, and a chest of drawers—all made by the girls. On top of the cliff was the dining room. A few feet away, under an old, overgrown oak tree, was a bean hole where we also roasted corn and potatoes. On the other side of this resort was our flagpole and camp fire; and back of these were our tents.

How thrilling to be wakened by the cheery song of a robin, and to smell hot cocoa! It was fun to try and guess, while resting lazily on our cots, what the "cooks" were preparing for breakfast. You see, we never knew from day to day what our meals were to be.

At noon we ate in the main dining hall with the rest of the camp, and when night rolled around we tucked the little ten-year-olds into bed. These small Explorers slept in square green cabins, as did the older Wood-crafters.

We had many guests at our rock table in the Pioneer Unit. All the counselors in turn were asked for supper, and Miss Green, our director, thought our beans the best ever. There were days of swimming in clear blue water, hiking and exploring the countryside, working in the open for a Nature badge, or down on the athletic field trying to shoot a bull's-eye, stocking up on Christmas presents at the handicraft shack, and singing on the pier at sunset.

It was more than just fun, cooking our meals out in the open, lazy nights before the camp fire, canoe trips around the lake, and working for badges. To me it meant companionship, understanding, new ideas about Scouting and what Scouting does—not only what it was doing and had done for me, but what it must be doing for thousands of girls all over the world.

Jean Parker Trowbridge



A SHADY NOOK AT CAMP HOFFMAN, THE RHODE ISLAND ESTABLISHED CAMP, WHERE A GROUP WORKS TOGETHER ON HANDICRAFT PROJECTS



LEFT: CATCH AS CATCH CAN! ARMED WITH GLASS JARS, NETS, AND PANS, THESE CAMPERS ARE TRYING TO CAPTURE SPECIMENS OF WATER LIFE TO STUDY FOR ONE OF THE NATURE BADGES

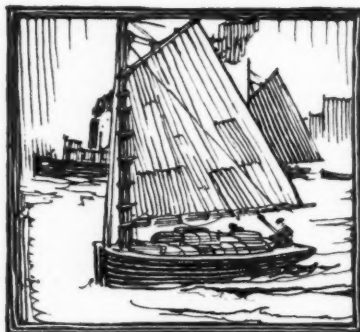
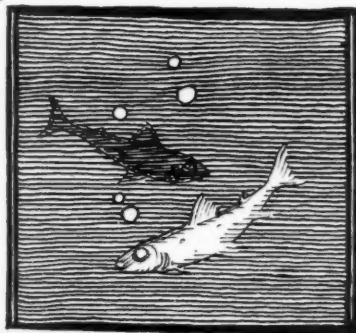
Water Ways

by
Jessica
H.
Lowell

Sometimes I dream
Beside a stream,
And think that I would like to be
A river running to the sea.

First a tiny bubbling rill
Born upon a lofty hill,
With exploring fingers finding
Little ruts and hollows, winding
Down the mountain's steep incline
Through the woods of birch and pine,
Through the bracken and the fen
Onward to a rocky glen;
Chuckling over mossy stones,
Murmuring in undertones,
Gleefully I would be going,
Fed by trickling streams, and growing
To the measure of a brook
With a trout in every nook.
Splashing over rocks and ridges,
Round the boulders, under bridges—
What enchantment in the ways
Of a brook through all its days!

But my heart would be a-quiver
To become a useful river,
Bearing laden craft along
On a current swift and strong,
Keeping clumsy mill wheels turning
And the lights of cities burning,
Holding in my mirror bright
Pageants of the day and night,
Hiding in my depths obscure
Fish of iridescent lure.
Even under ice and snow
Darkly still my stream would go
And, unfettered by the spring,
In a flood be roistering
Through lush fields, a happy rover
Graced by willows drooping over.





Water Ways

Continued



*Decorations
by
Orson Lowell*

And forever I would be
Moving onward toward the sea
With calm water deeply flowing,
Through a forest greenly going
Where upon my quiet breast
Falling leaves would drift to rest,
Where along the woodland way
Birds in colorful array
Like gay flowers on the wing
Flit among the trees and sing.

Sweeping on where hills divide,
Skirting farms in valleys wide,
I would leave the pasture land
Where the patient cattle stand,
Find a suburb's ragged edges
With its little homes and hedges
And its lawns of velvet green
In a pleasant rural scene;
Flowing down, down, down
To the turmoil of the town,
Under many a bridge's arch
Where the traffic columns march,
And the hives of industry
Hum a droning symphony,
Where the cliffs of enterprise
Lift their towers to the skies,
While the human tides below
Through the cañons ebb and flow.

I would hurry past all these,
Past the swarming docks and quays,
Out into the sunlit space
Of a harbor's wide embrace
Where proud yachts at anchor preen
In a swiftly moving scene
Of excited little boats
With hoarse whistles in their throats.
There upon my swelling tide
Ocean caravans would ride,
And the commerce of the world
Fling aloft its flags unfurled.

That would be my crowning hour,
A last prideful thrill of power;
Then, my happy waters blending
In a current never ending,
I would find my destiny
In the wide eternal sea.

WINTER COTTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

people's houses, Eggs, even if you *are* cold. That's housebreaking."

"Maybe it is in Chicago. But I shouldn't think it would be way out here. We aren't going to hurt anything."

"If they were at home," said Pop, "I guess they'd give us a night's lodging if they knew we were stalled in the wilderness in a storm like this. If we stayed all night in the car in these wet clothes, we'd have pneumonia."

"Yes, but the people *aren't* here to invite us in," protested Minty.

"That's just the point," said Pop. "Since they're not here, they'd expect us to help ourselves. That's one of the first laws of the wilderness."

Eggs and the dog were already crawling through the window, but Minty still hung back, although she hated always to be a wet blanket to the enthusiasm of the others.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Minty," said Pop. "We'll use everything real carefully, and when we go, we'll leave some money on the table to pay for our night's lodging, just as if we'd stayed in a tourist camp."

"All right," said Minty reluctantly, and she followed the others in. Eggs had already found a tin box of matches and a kerosene lamp.

They all fell to work with enthusiasm, swept up the kitchen, and built a fire in the cookstove. It began to be warm and cheerful. Pop found an old slicker, and after awhile, when the first downpour had settled into a quiet rain, he made an excursion to the car for some supplies and blankets, and presently he was making pancakes.

A large living and dining room occupied the center of the house and on each side of it were curtained doorways which led to four cubby-hole bedrooms. One of the bedrooms was apparently used as a storeroom, and in the built-in cupboards they found linens, blankets, dishes, and knives and forks. The girls selected the largest bedroom for Pop and made up the lower bunk.

"Let's take this next one for ours, Minty," said Eggs. "It looks like a girl's room." Indeed some departed person had succeeded in giving an air of girlish charm to this tiny room. A triangular shelf, fitted into the corner, had been made into a dressing table by the addition of a looking-glass and a petticoat of ruffled and flowered cretonne. The same cretonne had been used to drape the window and as spreads for the bunks, and two delicately tinted wild flower prints were framed and hung on the wall. A yellow smock and an old brown sweater, that were about the right size for Minty, hung on the hooks under the shelf at the foot of the bed, and a couple of letters carelessly stuck in between the mirror and its frame were addressed to Miss Marcia Vincent.

"Marcia!" said Minty softly. "Isn't that a lovely name! She must be about my age, and this is her room. Marcia Vincent! How much nicer that sounds than Araminta Sparkes!"

By the time they had finished the beds, wiped off the oilcloth-covered kitchen table, and laid out plates, cups, knives, and forks, Pop was ready with the pancakes.

"All right, ladies, name your orders," called Pop from the kitchen. "Sockdollagers? Gollwhollickers? Or whales?"

"Whales for mine!" shouted Eggs.

"I'll take gollwhollickers," said Minty.

Sockdollagers turned out to be pancakes of the usual size, gollwhollickers were the size of a dinner plate, while a whale filled the griddle and had to be folded in four to fit an ordinary plate. It was a marvel to see Pop flip them over, just when the underside had reached the perfect golden brown. With butter and brown sugar syrup, Pop's pancakes simply melted in the mouth.

"Pop," said Minty between mouthfuls. "I wish you'd teach me how to make pancakes like this."

"When you're eighteen, Minty," said Pop gravely, "I'll divulge my secret recipe. It belonged to your Grandmother Sparkes, who had it from her grandmother—and I'm the only person in the world, now that your poor dear mother's gone, who knows how to make pancakes like these."

"Then why don't you tell us how now?" asked Eggs.

"Well, I'll tell you why," said Pop. "I can make a success of pancakes, and I kind of like to keep the secret to myself. It's the only thing I ever have been a success at."

"Oh, Pop," cried the girls, "you mustn't say that!" And they dropped their knives and forks to give him syrupy kisses.

"It's just this old depression that's got you licked, Pop."

"Other folks seem to have come out of the depression," said Pop sadly, "but the more they all come out, the deeper I seem to go in. I always was like that."

"Well, I guess nobody can quote the poets any better than you can, Pop!" said Eggs proudly.

"Here, now, Pop, you sit down and let me fry," said Minty. "You must be starved. Will you have a gollwhollicker, or a whale?"

"Give him a sockdollager," cried Eggs. "You know that nobody but Pop can flop a gollwhollicker or a whale."

"That's right, Minty," said Pop. "I'm the only one who can turn a whale. Yes, I'm a success at pancakes!"

Minty looked around the kitchen as she fried Pop's cakes. The low wooden ceiling and walls were brown with age and wood smoke. The pots and pans which hung about the wall gleamed in the dim yellow light of the lamp. It was warm and secure here. She felt more at home than she had felt for a long time. She thought of the little bedroom with the smock and sweater that were just her size.

"Marcia Vincent," she said softly to herself. When she carried the last pile of sockdollagers in to Pop, she said suddenly, "Pop, why didn't you give me a pretty name like Marcia? Araminta's such a funny name."

"Well, now, Minty, your mother and I had a good reason for that. We named you after your Great-aunt Araminta, thinking that she might leave you some of her money."

"Did she?" asked Eggs.

"No, it seems the poor old soul had other plans," said Pop. "But Eglantine now—there's a pretty name. Your mother wanted to call you Betty Jean, Eggs, but I said, 'No, my dear. Let's think of something worthy of the poets.' I thought quite awhile, and then it came to me—Eglantine! Pure inspiration that was! Yes, and pure poetry, too."

Water steamed cozily in the teakettle, and, after supper, the two girls set about

washing dishes. Pop lighted a fire in the living room fireplace and filled his pipe. Then he pulled up a rocking chair and began to take notice of his surroundings.

"Say, girls," he called, "there's books here! Look here! The world's best short stories in ten volumes—and poetry! *The Golden Treasury* and Shakespeare and Browning—and here's the poet Wordsworth! My stars, girls, there's enough reading here to last a family a whole winter!"

"Well, read all you can to-night, Pop," advised Minty. "We'll be gone to-morrow."

"Books!" said Pop. "Think of that in this wilderness! I guess these are educated people here, who know how to enjoy themselves."

"Sure," said Minty, "they're Marcia's people!" She already felt a little proprietary thrill in claiming distinction for Marcia's people. Since she had discovered Marcia, she felt as if Marcia somehow belonged to her.

After the dishes were done, they all sat around the fire and listened to Pop reading aloud. Even Buster basked in the warmth and sighed happily in his sleep.

"Isn't it nice here?" said Eggs sleepily. "If I had a house like this, I'd live in it."

"I s'pose they've got another house in town somewhere," said Minty.

"Think of having two houses," said Eggs, "and we haven't even got one."

"We've got Aunt Amy's," remarked Minty dubiously.

"Oh, Aunt Amy's! Who wants to go there? We all know she doesn't want us."

"Tut-tut!" said Pop, closing *The Golden Treasury* and pushing his spectacles up on his forehead. "She never really *said* she didn't want us."

"Well, she did everything but shout it from the housetops," said Eggs.

"Now, Eglantine, you mustn't say that," said Pop. "Aunt Amy's letter wasn't so awfully bad, considering everything. Read it again, Minty, and see if it was."

Out of her small imitation-leather hand bag, Minty took a letter and slowly unfolded it. "Do we have to read it again, Pop?" she begged.

"I think we'd better, Minty."

"We were having such a good time," protested Eggs.

"Well, we mustn't forget Aunt Amy's kindness to us," said Pop gloomily. "We'll be there in another day or two, if we can get the car fixed." Both girls sighed, and then Minty began to read:

Minneapolis, Minn.,
Sept. 30.

Dear Charley:

I cannot say that your letter came as a surprise to me. Knowing the way you fail at everything you turn your hand to, I must say I been expecting you to ask me for help any time. Not that it is going to be easy for me to give it to you. My husband and I have all we can do now, without shouldering you and your troubles, too. Well, come along, we shall do the best we can for you. You can have the two back bedrooms that I might be letting out to young men with jobs. If it were not for your two girls and the memory of my poor sister who was their mother, I must say, Charley, I'd let you go to the poorhouse. Of all the no-account, poet-

ry-quoting fools I ever see, you, my dear Charley, are one of the worst. I hope you aren't bringing any pets.

Let me know when you will arrive so I can turn out my lodgers.

Yours truly
Amy Pearson

"She means to be real kind," said Pop apologetically. "All she says about me is true. She'll be a good aunt to you."

"I don't like her," said Eggs.

"And it's *not* all true what she says about you, Pop," protested Minty. "You haven't been a failure as a daddy, you know."

"I don't know, Minty. I'm afraid I have. Here I can't give you a roof over your heads except a borrowed one."

"But we like you," said Eggs, "and don't forget how you can make gollwollickers."

"Did you notice what she says about hoping we don't bring any pets?" asked Minty. They all looked mournfully at Buster. Buster got up and laid his head on Pop's knee.

"Buster's a failure, too," said Pop, almost proudly. "He's got a setter's ears and a spitz's tail, a collie's muzzle, and the body of a chow—a little of each and not a success at any one."

"But he's so good!" said Minty. "I hope Aunt Amy likes him. There never was a better or a smarter dog."

"She won't," predicted Eggs.

For a moment they sat in gloomy silence. Then Pop sighed deeply and rose. "Well, kids, let's get to bed."

Suddenly Minty's face brightened. She squeezed Eggs around the waist.

"Isn't it nice," she said, "that to-night we're going to sleep in Marcia's room! Let's play that she invited us!"

"What if she could know we were here?" asked Eggs. "Do you think she'd like it?"

"I'm pretending that she would," said Minty.

As they crept under the covers, Eggs murmured sleepily, "Gee! I wish we didn't have to go on to-morrow. I wish we could stay here all winter!"

Minty didn't say anything, because she knew that they had no business in somebody's else summer cottage. But deep in her heart she thought, "Oh, so do I!"

(To be continued)

TWO GUITARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"There's where they came from—the Ghost Town, up above there," Billy told her.

As they swung around the edge of the chasm, they saw a double row of buildings standing in the sun. They seemed in fairly good shape except, here and there, where a fallen roof had exposed the adobe walls to the spring rains.

"Ghost Town" is the right name for it," thought Penny, as they reined in their horses and sat looking down the empty, silent street where not even a lizard stirred in the hot dust. People had once lived in those houses, gone in and out where those doors now hung crazily, looked through those paneless windows, laughed, worked, won riches, lost them again—and where were they now?

The last house was different. A hedge of prickly green cactus surrounded it and lined the path. Behind was (Continued on page 37)



Leading Lady...

Carol is one swell little actress, all right . . . and pretty enough to be in pictures. But even though she's terribly popular, she hasn't any affectations at all! In fact she's the most natural girl in school. And the nice part of it is that she's always that way. She just never seems to be flustered or ill at ease.

YOU CAN BET your last penny that Carol wouldn't have this constant poise and serenity if she were uncomfortable or worried about being embarrassed several days a month.

It's easy for a girl to be natural and carefree even during "difficult days" once she discovers the amazing *comfort and safety* of "fluff-type" Modess.

There are two different kinds of sanitary napkins . . . "fluff-type" and "layer-type." Modess is "fluff-type." Instead of being made of closely packed layers, it has a *soft, downy* filler.

Cut open a Modess pad and feel the *fluffy, wonderfully soft* mass. A special process cushions each fiber in air . . . that's why Modess has such *springy* softness. And it's no wonder Modess

is so remarkably comfortable to wear!

A special moisture-resistant backing makes Modess safer, too! Take out the special backing from a Modess pad. Drop some water on it and see for yourself. Not a drop strikes through! Easy to understand why Modess brings such peace of mind!

A blue line on the back of every pad marks the proper way to wear Modess for greatest comfort and safety. Directions are on a slip in the package.

And here's more good news! Though softer and safer, Modess costs no more than other nationally known brands!

Ask mother today to buy Junior Modess...a slightly smaller pad made especially for you!



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

CAN WE STAND ON OUR OWN FEET?

On a sunny, almost windless day, twenty-one years ago, a freighter, the *Cyclops*, sailed from Rio de Janeiro. She carried a greatly needed wartime cargo—ten thousand tons of a metal called manganese, used in turning iron into steel. She was bound for New York City.

The *Cyclops* was never seen again. No one has ever learned what became of her, or of the two hundred and eighty-three people



aboard her. Perhaps, because she carried a cargo potentially useful in munitions making, she was sunk by an enemy torpedo. Her loss is just one instance of the troubles Uncle Sam ran into during the World War when he tried to maintain a steady flow of "key materials" from foreign countries—materials wholly or partly lacking in the United States, yet essential for our armaments and industries.

A second World War might bring even more drastic shortages of supplies shipped from foreign lands. But our Government leaders, our industrial captains, the heads of our War and Navy Departments, are saying, in effect: "Never again must the nation be so dependent. We'll store up 'stock piles' of essential supplies. We'll try to find new sources for old necessities right here at home. In any crisis we should be self-sufficient."

Authorities tell us the four most necessary materials that we must import, at present, are manganese, rubber, quinine, and tin. There isn't space for a complete list, but here are some others—aluminum, manila fiber, coffee, silk, quicksilver, tanning materials, graphite, asbestos.

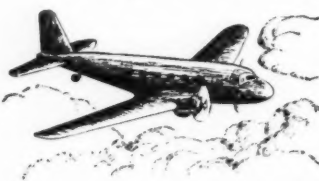
Just what steps are being taken to make America independent of foreign sources? For one thing, Congress has taken some resolute steps toward national self-sufficiency. It has authorized the spending of five hundred thousand dollars a year—this to send prospectors out hunting new bodies of ore, and to start other activities aimed at making our people better able to "live at home." And it has set aside one hundred million dollars for buying and storing strategic raw materials which normally are shipped into the United States from beyond our borders.

More important, perhaps, than any such preparation is our national habit of inventing or discovering the right thing at the right time. A nation's strength, in critical days, lies partly in its laboratories. Confronted by the possibility of drastic shortages in things we need in daily life, in things essential to national defense, our scientists are already hard at work devising efficient substitutes.

HOME, SWEET HOME FOR PLANES

Four hundred and thirty-five million dollars is a pretty piece of money! It's the sum which the Civil Aeronautics Authority—it supervises non-military flying—decided, last spring, ought to be spent on our airports to make them really adequate. Sounds as if we were woefully behind the times, but don't let us be too downhearted. There's comfort in the fact that, in 1937, our commercial air lines flew just short of five hundred and fifty million passenger miles. That was practically twice the airplane mileage of the twenty chief European countries all added together. This record, combined with the fact that our accident percentage was lower than Europe's, would seem to prove that our landing fields can't be strikingly bad.

Moreover, we're to have an airport that experts think may be the finest in the world—the North Beach Airport in Queens, only a twenty-minute drive from the heart of New York City. It's to cost some forty million dollars. Not only land planes, but the great



flying boats that cross the Atlantic will rest their wings there between long flights.

This vast haven for aircraft was to have been completed by April thirtieth, in time for the New York World's Fair opening, but the task proved too big. The airport will stretch over three hundred and forty-nine acres of "made" land, and made land is temperamental—particularly when, as in this case, a city's accumulated debris is used as "fill." In wet weather it turned into a quagmire, in dry weather into a miniature dust bowl.

But these problems were solved. No later than this autumn, a great beacon of seven million candle power will flash the news to night flyers that the great airport is ready.

HURRICANE HUNTERS

The period from September fifteenth to October fifteenth, weather experts tell us, is usually the height of the hurricane season. This autumn will find lots of people more hurricane conscious than in many a year. The reason—last September's great storm which ripped across Long Island and parts of New England, destroying property worth more than a hundred million dollars and taking about six hundred lives.

Hurricanes are tropical cyclones. In them, winds circle at speeds of one hundred to two hundred miles an hour. Usually these revolving storms have a forward motion of only



five to fifteen miles an hour, but last September's hurricane moved across certain regions at a much greater velocity.

These vast twisters originate in the South Atlantic, or in the Caribbean Sea. People who live in the West Indies suffer most often from their fury. But Texas, Florida, and the southeastern States in general have often felt their force.

Experts in a far-flung chain of weather stations now study hurricane habits. The United States Weather Bureau at Miami, working in unison with its Gulf Coast observation points and with thirty-eight ground stations of Pan American Airways, keeps close watch on the twisters. Captive rubber balloons, hydrogen-filled, carrying barometers, thermometers, and other instruments, are sent to vast heights. When pulled down, each yields a sort of fever chart, automatically recorded, of air conditions in the stratosphere's lowest layer. In this way the coming of a "ripper" can be foretold from six to ten days in advance.

If the balloons bring warnings, trained eyes watch for high cirrus cloud formations peculiar to hurricane-haunted regions. They note the size and direction of ocean waves. By radio, ships flash news of the twister. Sensitive instruments at ground stations supply data. Finally the storm's center is determined, and its hour-by-hour course carefully plotted.

By warning people in the paths of approaching disaster, the Bureau's "hurricane hunters" have saved many thousands of lives.

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Is your tummy a bit queasy when you travel by boat, train, or motor car? If so, the study that health consultants of air lines have made of air nausea may be helpful to you. Their findings put certain rich foods on the "don't-eat" list for trips on wings. Mayonnaise, for example, tempting as it is on *terra firma*, is on that aerial list. Not only is it rich, but it's yellow—and yellow is a food color to keep away from, if what goes down mustn't come up.

Black coffee is better than coffee with cream. Celery and olives are excellent; so are thin soups such as consommés, turtle soup, oxtail soup. Chilled tomato juice, fruit salads with lemon-oil dressing, and after-dinner mints have been approved.

Colors on walls or partitions also act, it seems, on stomach nerves. Cabins and dining compartments decorated in pale blues and greens have been found the best. Those traveling in them are less apt to answer the question, "Did you have your breakfast?" with "Yes—for a little while."

One rule these health consultants give us may be difficult to follow. It is: Don't start on a journey all worn out.

A hectic getaway, it appears, is often the forerunner of a rebel tummy.

HE'S NOT A BAD BIRD

In these days of patriotic feeling, the American (or bald) eagle, our country's symbol, is a busy bird. He's playing a stellar rôle on magazine covers, in advertisements, in architectural designs.

It was in June, 1782, that Will Barton, a Philadelphia artist, made the eagle design that was accepted for Uncle Sam's Great Seal. But even yet, there are seven States in which the eagle may be freely shot. That he's usually stuffed and mounted, afterward, is no comfort to his mate and hardly a good excuse for killing him. Even in States where he's supposed to be protected, he's often slaughtered. In fact, naturalists say he's now in danger of extinction.

Not only is our eagle killed—he is frequently maligned. You may hear it said of him that he will carry off a pig, a lamb, a goat, a fawn. The too credulous even believe he steals babies! Such feats of strength would be impossible for him. The golden eagle of the Rocky Mountains, the bald eagle's stronger, more violent cousin, could



come nearer to accomplishing them, but even he isn't as bad as the bald eagle is painted.

In many respects, "baldy" is an estimable bird. He helps the farmer by destroying rats and field mice. He'd rather lift a floating dead fish from the water than duck for a live one, since it peevs him to get his head wet. He is a model husband. He mates for life, and when the eaglets hatch, he helps their mother feed and train the young birds.

Under favorable conditions, eagles may live for more than a hundred years. So instead of shooting, let's say, "Long life to them!"



"ALL SET" FOR SCHOOL

When school opens will you be "all set" with a new bike? Riding a bike makes school work easier. You arrive fresher. You look better—do better. You come home peppier. You save time. You save carfare and shoe leather, too. Beyond all this—riding a bike is fun. "Loads of fun!" says Jane Withers, herself a Girl Scout. So go to your nearest dealer in bikes at once.

Pick out the thrilling new model you like. Make school days happy days!

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See Jane Withers, 20th Century-Fox movie star, in her newest picture "Chicken Wagon Family."



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SVENDELL CAMPBELL

IF YOU have always wished to have a horse and ride, you will enjoy and sympathize with Terry in Lavina R. Davis's *Hobby Horse Hill* (Junior Literary Guild and Doubleday) and the experiences she has when she goes to spend a summer in Connecticut with her cousins Rod, Johnny, and Kate. Terry couldn't imagine that it would be more fun to go to a horse show than to a party, but before she leaves the farm she changes her mind. Many adventures and a mystery occur, and you feel that you yourself have had fun with the horses and watched a girl, who always had needed some one to depend upon, develop into a self-reliant young lady. The pictures by Paul Brown, the well known illustrator, make the children and their horses real.

Or you might take a trip, with Resi and Peter and their friends, to the mountains of Switzerland in Eva R. Gaggin's *An Ear for Uncle Emil* (Junior Literary Guild and Viking Press). Here is a book with pictures by Kate Seredy that make it easy to imagine what the people and the country in the story are like. You may be thinking that the book has a queer name. But when you meet Mr. Oberegg, the toy maker, you will find that he is just as muddled at the idea of making "maybe two ears for Uncle Emil," as you are at the title. He couldn't understand Resi when she said, "Uncle Emil Witt is a herdsman, or he was, anyway! Of course, after losing his milk buckets and his arms, and now his ears, he could be almost anybody!" You have guessed by this time that he was a doll! It is great fun to read of the life of these mountain people in their beautiful and beloved country—a life which is often dangerous, however, and filled with hardships.

There is an amusing story of a snail, by Eleanor Hoffmann, called *The Travels of a Snail* (Stokes), which tells how this curious creature left the famous vineyard of Sidi Larbi in Morocco, traveled across the ocean, and finally found a home with Maria whose father owned a pushcart in New York City.

The Book of Three Sisters: The Story of The Soong Family of China by Cornelia Spencer (Junior Literary Guild and John Day) will explain to you many things about China and the efforts of one patriotic family to free and unite the masses of the Chinese people. Mei-ling (to-day Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, wife of China's generalissimo) Ai-ling (now Madame Kung, wife of the Minister of Finance) and Ching-ling (to-day Madame Sun Yat Sen, widow of the man who was called the Father of the Chinese Republic) with their father and mother and three brothers, set out for the United States to get the best schooling their father could give

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board
for Work with Children and Young People

them. Even though the children were still small they knew that China had many problems, one of which was the great poverty of the working people. Mei-ling, the youngest and most self-possessed of them all, wished that she were a boy instead of a girl so that she could do a great deal for her country. Ailing, the oldest of the three, who always wanted to manage the other children, said, "Don't be silly! If you want to do things, it isn't a matter of whether you are a girl, or a boy—you can do them anyway. Look at Mother! She's as important as Father, don't you think? But now, be quiet and listen to what Father is saying."

Ching-ling, the second oldest sister, wanted to live and die for the good of her country, too, but, because she was timid and blushed easily, she was afraid that she might fail in her school work in America. Ching-ling knew, though, that she would need all the education she could get if she were to help her country.

You will be amused at Mei-ling, because she was always speaking too quickly and saying things that, although they were true, are the kind of things one just doesn't say—like "I wonder how many more of these farewell feasts Father and Mother will have to go to. Just think of all the feasts they will have to give when they come back from America! It will come to a terrible sum!"

Probably the most wonderful thing about the book is the steadfastness of purpose of the Soong family in their determination to change China. It is thrilling to read how they worked together for a united China—all except Ching-ling. Though she loved her family, she and her husband believed that China needed more than a change of government.

Some of you may wish to go on and read Elizabeth Seeger's *Pageant of Chinese History*; or, if you wish stories of life in China to-day, the books of Elizabeth Foreman Lewis.

Books are often useful in carrying you back into the past to give you a glimpse of what life was like in other days and other lands. Frederic A. Kummer's *Leif Erickson, the Lucky* (Junior Literary Guild and Winston) is a story about the adventurous journey of the Vikings to the shores of Wineland in

America, and their dream of making this country great. Leif's father, Red Erik, was the venturesome sailor who, together with his family and a group of friends, left Iceland to found a new colony in Green Land. Even though Green Land was a new country, Leif became restless. At last he was permitted to sail to Norway. In these early days King Olaf had become a Christian. During the winter of the year one thousand, Leif, too, was baptized into the new faith while a guest at the King's court.

He was commanded by the King to return to Green Land and bring all the people to the true faith. The experiences Erik had, thereafter, in bringing Christianity to Green Land, and, later, in sailing to Wineland, will give you some idea of what it means to be a pioneer.

Books can be of great assistance in exploring. Some of you live in or near New York, and some of you may be traveling to New York this summer to see the World's Fair. *A Key to New York* by Rosalie Slocum and Ann Todd (Harper) will help you to answer the question, "What shall I do while I'm there?" The authors have included many things that may be seen free. They tell you of the wonders of New York that you will probably want to see first. Some of the interesting industries are listed and described, such as soapmaking, shipbuilding, bookmaking, and commercial photography. Museums with their various collections are included. Significant types of architecture exemplified in buildings that are still standing to-day are listed. The book contains fascinating information about the city. Even though you may not be in or near New York, you will enjoy reading it.

One good book should lead to another. If you become interested in New York City, you may want to go on and read Harold MacLean Lewis's *City Planning: Why and How* (Longmans). As you learn more and more about citizenship, you will realize that we need to plan if we want to get the things that good citizens should seek for their community. This book will help you to understand what good planning for a city should include.

We all like to look at illustrations that carry us far away from home. Martelle W. Trager's *National Parks of the Northwest* (Dodd Mead) has such photographs and descriptions, and clear maps, too. Here is a book that will make a visit to the Parks easier and more enjoyable, because it will tell you how to plan your trip and what to see. But it isn't necessary to actually take a trip to enjoy this book, either. It's good for armchair travel.

TWO GUITARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

a poultry house, and a wire-enclosed hen run. "That's Mrs. Ware's," said Billy. "But she must be away. The chickens are locked in. I'll just put the mail under her door."

He dismounted, and Penny sat holding the horses' bridles, looking about at the mine-scarred, barren rocks, the peak of the mountain that frowned above them. When Billy's footsteps sounded on the wooden porch, a dog began to bark inside the house. He knocked on the door then, hesitantly, and pushed it open. A police dog bounded out, sniffed suspiciously at him, then wagged his tail as though recognizing a friend. Billy disappeared inside. A moment later he called, "Penny, come here!" in such an odd voice that she dropped the bridles over the horses' heads to the ground, and hurried after him.

The inside of the cabin was dark after the glare of the sun. A hoarse, feeble voice was speaking. "Get me a drink of water! Don't stand there like ninnies!" Then Penny saw that in one corner, on a wooden bunk, lay an old woman whose brown, weathered face was drawn with pain.

Billy hurried out to the pump and returned with a cup of water, and Penny raised the rumpled gray head from the pillow. "Are you ill?" she asked, when the cup was empty.

"Ill? No! Busted my leg, that's what's the matter! Did it in the dark last night—fool thing to do! Been lying here all day. Where's that doctor?"

"Doctor?" repeated Billy. "Why, we didn't know anything was the matter. We just happened to ride up this way, and brought your mail."

"Didn't that Joe Chavez give you my message—to telephone for the doctor?" The old woman's voice cracked with anger.

Billy shook his head. "No, ma'am. He said he saw you out back, feeding your chickens."

"Why, the low-lived, lying coyote! I reckon he thought if I passed out he'd get my saddle—he's always wanted it. Well, he's fooled again. Now you kids hurry back and fetch the doctor up here, and don't waste any more time." She looked at them impatiently. "Well, what's keeping you?"

Outside the door, Penny turned to Billy. "You go on back," she said, "and I'll stay here. She mustn't be left alone. I've had First Aid, in Scouts. I think I can help her."

Billy looked troubled. "Gee, Penny, I hate to leave you alone in a strange place like this. It would be different if you were a Western girl—if you were used to such things. But I guess you're right, and that it's the thing to do. I'll be as quick as I can. Don't mind the rough way she talks—she's really a good-hearted woman underneath. I shan't be long!" He swung up into his saddle, dug his heels into Tony's sides, and was off down the cañon, a trail of dust rising behind him.

Penny felt a sinking in the pit of her stomach as she turned once more into the cabin. For all her confident words, she knew how inadequate she was in a real crisis such as this.

From the bed, Mrs. Ware's sharp eyes looked up at her. "So you're staying, are you? What's your (Continued on page 40)

STAMPEDE TRAPS GIRL In RATTLER'S DEN!

MAE OLSON
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1 "While living on a North Dakota cattle ranch, I rode over to a neighbor's place one night to borrow some sugar," writes Mrs. Olson. "Passing our cattle corral on the way home, I saw the heavy gate slowly opening—and 500 milling cattle inside!

2 "I dismounted and ran for the gate—but too late! A dozen stampeding steers poured through the opening! Sheer instinct told me to run for a hill-side cave we had dug as kids. I just made it—diving headlong into the black hole... and a new menace!



3 "Somehow, the flashlight in my hand lighted as I sprawled on my face. It spotted a coiled rattlesnake not two feet away—eyes glittering in the piercing beam! Between hoof and fang, I was in a bad fix! Frozen with terror, I waited until the pounding hoofs behind me died away—then crawled out backwards, keeping the light on the rattler. You'll never know how grateful I am for those 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries. They were better than an insurance policy that night.

(Signed) Mae Olson

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"Gee! Where did you get
those keen clothes?"



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MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Well fitting slips are an important part of any girl's wardrobe—especially in the summer time.

You'll enjoy wearing the ones you make yourself

By

ELIZABETH ANTHONY

ANY girl who can hold a needle can have many dainty pieces of lingerie, tailored or fluffy, and can spare lots of expense in the bargain. Here are a few tips!

Let's start from the beginning, which is, of course, getting the pattern and materials. The pattern we have chosen has a four-piece skirt, about two-and-one-quarter yards wide. It has a slide fastener at the center back to make a smooth closing—no bumps over the hip line. The nicely fitting bodice has a "V" back that is not too low. The few pieces of the pattern, five in all, are cut on the straight and are easy to put together.

The nicest cloth we know is satin, the lingerie kind, in a soft, pale peach, but this material is sleazy and is not advisable for a beginner to use. So, if this is your first garment, use a silk crepe, rayon, or taffeta—which is very much in the swish. Your pattern will tell you how many yards to buy, for either the long evening slip or street-length style, and don't forget a few spools of thread, exactly matching.

You will find that if the material is free from wrinkles, you will have an easier time cutting it, and the result will be more satisfactory. So press your material on the wrong side before you cut, especially the center crease. Then pin on your pattern and cut.

Matching notches, baste the bodice pieces together, then the skirt. Try it on before you do your machine sewing. Make any alterations that are necessary. Then you are ready to sew.

Stitch the seams with a medium-small stitch. If your material is a very loose weave, the edges should be finished by silk seaming. This is done by turning under a very narrow edge of the seam with the edge-stitcher attachment. For ordinary silks, the seams should be pinked. The pinker—either the machine attachment or the one you turn by hand—is easy to operate. To reinforce your seams, press them to one side, then stitch on the right side with the zigzag attachment, zigzagging over the line of the seam. This attachment makes a zigzag stitch that is adjustable as to width and length.

To press silk, cover the seam with a dry cloth, dampen the cloth lightly with a sponge, and press with a hot iron.

For the placket, use an eight-inch slide fastener, in the color matching your material. Make certain to get the narrow kind with a lock top. Use the cording foot to sew it in, for that's the best way to get a smoothly stitched placket.

You can make your own shoulder straps if



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No. 1363

you care to, but the most satisfactory kind are the adjustable ones of narrow ribbon that you can buy ready-made at the notion department of any department store, or at your nearest dime store. A practical addition that will pay dividends in comfort is a small piece of elastic sewed to each strap at the back, and then to the slip. Cut a piece of elastic about two inches long, fold it in the middle and sew the fold securely to the end of the strap. Then separate the two ends of elastic and sew each to the back of the slip about an eighth of an inch apart. Shoulder straps thus equipped allow for sudden movements of the shoulders, can take extra strain, and do not pop loose at inconvenient moments.

The pattern we are using is plain, as you can see, but you can use your own ideas as to trimmings,—elaborate or simple, whichever you wish—a dainty monogram, a ruffled hem, or a delicate lace edging.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

name?" she asked, in her harsh, abrupt voice. "Penny—Penelope Shaw. Billy is my cousin."

"Hm! Outlandish name! Well, Penny, the first thing for you to do is to feed and water my chickens. And then you can turn your horse into my corral. It's down in that ravine behind the chicken house. There's feed and water there. And then open a can of dog food for Prince."

The chickens and the dog were pathetically hungry and thirsty. When Penny had followed all the old woman's directions, finding more than one difficulty because of her unfamiliarity with the place and the type of work, purple shadows were already climbing the cañon walls. "I hope Billy does hurry!" she said to herself.

Near the chicken yard she found a small, light board which gave her an idea. "If I can get this under your mattress, it will keep it from sagging and hold your leg more comfortably," she told Mrs. Ware. When she uncovered the broken leg she was shocked to see how swollen and discolored it was. "It's a simple fracture, not compound—at least that's a good thing!" she said, in an effort to be cheerful.

"I don't care what you call it, it's bad enough!" Mrs. Ware's teeth bit into her lip and her forehead beaded with sweat as Penny worked the board carefully under the mattress. Next Penny pumped at the well outside the door until the water ran icy cold. In a drawer of the dresser she found a clean flour sack, and wrung it out in the water. "A cold compress will bring down the swelling and help ease the pain," she said.

"Well, that *does* feel good," the old woman admitted, and Penny glowed with pride. Sitting beside the bed, she kept the compresses fresh and cold. Gradually Mrs. Ware's pain-tightened features relaxed. Her eyelids drooped, and she began breathing deeply, regularly. Soon she was asleep!

Now Penny had time to look about the cabin. It was plainly furnished, but clean. There were gingham curtains at the two windows, and bright oilcloth on the table. In one corner stood a blue-and-white kerosene stove, in the other a painted chest of drawers. There on the wall hung the gorgeous silver-mounted saddle that Billy had mentioned. Beside it hung a guitar, and between them a framed picture of a young man in uniform. Penny tiptoed across the floor to look at the picture more closely, and, for the first time, realized that the sun had set—that darkness was swiftly closing in.

Behind her, Mrs. Ware stirred. "Light the lamp," she said. "And get me another drink of water."

She felt very hot to Penny's hand; her lips were dry and her eyes restless and over-bright. After some fumbling with the wick and chimney, Penny lighted the lamp.

"That's my boy, Harry, in the picture. That's his guitar, too. He liked to play—he played real good. Get some more water—some that's good and cold," said Mrs. Ware. "I'm so thirsty."

Out under the clear green evening sky, Penny pumped vigorously again. Faint pin points of stars were already pricking through. Suddenly, from the brooding shadow of the mountain, rose a high-pitched, yelping wail. She almost dropped the bucket of water before she realized that it was only a coyote. The police dog's claws rattled on the floor as

TWO GUITARS

he started out into the night, but Mrs. Ware's voice called him back sharply. "Down, Prince! Lie down here by me! Come in, Penny, and shut the door. Don't let him out. Those varmints just lead him over the mountains and wear him down." She paused, and seemed to have lapsed again into unconsciousness; then she was muttering something else. "I want him here with us, in case—in case—" Her words trailed off, and her eyes closed again.

With the darkness, a wind had risen. Every time it rattled the door and windows, Penny's heart missed a beat.

Mrs. Ware slept, but she tossed and muttered constantly. Why didn't somebody come? Penny's watch said it was nine o'clock—surely Billy could have reached the ranch and been back here before this! The windows stared so hollowly out into empty blackness that she pulled the curtains across them with a shudder.

Well, there was no sense in just sitting there, being scared. Glancing about, the guitar caught her eye. She crossed the creaking floor and lifted it carefully from the wall. The loosened strings made a soft whispering sound under her fingers, but Mrs. Ware seemed too far sunk into her feverish stupor to hear. In the lamplight Penny looked again at the picture of the handsome, smiling boy who had liked to play the guitar, the boy who had died so long ago. Now only a ghost, of the Ghost Town!

Silly! She tried to smile at herself, but her smile was tremulous. Bringing the guitar close to the light, she screwed up the strings, trying to bring them into tune, trying also not to notice how unsteady were her fingers. Any moment now the doctor and Billy, and perhaps Uncle Fred, would be here. There was nothing to be afraid of—absolutely nothing!

And yet, what was it Mrs. Ware had meant, when she said she wanted the dog with her, in case—? There he lay on guard beside his sleeping mistress, watching Penny with yellow-brown, wolfish eyes.

As she looked at him he lifted his head. His ears jerked forward, the hair along his back rose, a low growl rumbled in his throat. He was not looking at Penny, but past her, at the door! Penny turned her head, too, and up her spine ran an icy prickle of horror. The doorknob was moving, turning—the door was slowly swinging open!

With the guitar gripped in her hands, she stared, feeling her mouth go dry, sensing the cold, metallic taste of fear. In the dark doorway stood the half-breed, Joe Chavez, staring back at her, his face as startled as her own. Then his black eyes darted about the cabin, to the old woman sleeping in the bunk, to the watchful dog, to the wall where hung the silver-mounted saddle.

So *that* was why he had come! That was why he had not told the news of the old woman's accident, had given the alibi of going across the valley and then had slipped back here in the darkness, expecting to find Mrs. Ware helpless and alone!

The guitar string gave a sharp twang under Penny's clutching fingers. Chavez jumped, and his hand flew under his coat.

"He has a knife there, or a pistol," Penny told herself. "He knew about the dog, and he's prepared for him. But he didn't know about me, and he can't quite decide what to do."

Mrs. Ware had a pistol, too, somewhere—

Billy had said so. But even if she could get hold of a pistol, Penny knew that she could never, never use it. She'd have to manage some other way.

As she stared at the intruder, the dog rose with a menacing growl.

"Down, Prince!" she quavered, and the dog crouched beside the bed, his eyes never swerving from the half-breed. She turned to Chavez. "Mrs. Ware's had an accident. I brought up her mail, and now I have to stay with her. Won't you hurry back and bring the doctor?" If only, she hoped wildly, he'd take the excuse and go away, now that he'd found someone else there!

Joe Chavez still regarded her with an inscrutable face, but the hand he withdrew slowly from under his coat was empty. "She is hurt, and you are staying with her, señorita? No, I shall not leave you alone to go down the cañon now. It is too late in the night. I shall remain here for a time, and perhaps—help." He stepped inside, closed the door behind him, and stood looking about the cabin in the lamplight.

Penny wondered if he could hear how her heart was thumping against the guitar she held so tightly. Whatever he had been plotting, the sight of her, Penny, had surprised him and he was having to change his plans. Could she manage to keep him from doing anything definitely hostile, until help should arrive? Then she noticed the guitar case strapped on his back, and remembered the guitar that was still in her own hands. She held it out to him.

"Well, if you think you'd better stay, perhaps you'll tune this for me. I was trying to, but I know you can do it a lot better than I can." She hoped her smile didn't look as stiff as it felt.

Chavez's eyes widened in surprise, but he reached automatically and took the instrument. He shot a quick glance across at the old woman, still breathing evenly, and at the watchful dog. "Sure, why not?" he said. When she saw his thin, dark hands skillfully working the rusty keys, fingering the strings, Penny began to breathe freely once more. But as he bent his head above the chords he was plucking she had another moment of panic, for Mrs. Ware began to toss and mumble. Chavez's hand slipped again under his coat.

"Harry—Harry—that's right pretty. Play some more, Harry," the old woman muttered. Chavez stared in bewilderment.

"She's dreaming!" Penny explained. "The fever has made her dream about her boy—the one in the picture. She thinks he's playing the guitar! Oh, go on and play! That will soothe her, maybe send her to sleep again. Billy says you play so wonderfully!"

Surprise, gratified vanity, and then a swift, crafty smile crossed the dark face. "Sure, I play pretty good. I play the old lady to sleep, but not on *this*!" He put the old guitar scornfully aside, and unbuckled the straps that held his own guitar case to his back. Opening it, he lifted out his instrument, shrouded in the folds of a yellow silk scarf. "This, señorita, is the guitar that makes Joe Chavez famous. This guitar I had from my uncle, who played for the great dancer, Carmelita, many years ago." He held it fondly, letting the lamplight play on the burnished wood, the inlay of mother-of-pearl and silver.

Then, leaning against the edge of the table, he pushed his hat (Continued on page 42)

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting System. The time indicated is Eastern Daylight Time.

IF YOU want to be entertained by a young actor and story-teller of rare ability, tune into Vernon Crane's Story Book program. He says his stories are popular because they appeal to young people from three to one hundred and three years old.

When asked about his September programs away back in July when this "What's on the Air" page was going to the printer, this is what he wrote about the first three:

"September 3, 'The Shiest of Shadows,' deals with a very young shadow who was so timid that he always moved at the wrong time, frightening people without due cause and giving his family a very bad name. He is disciplined, learns courage, and becomes a very serviceable shadow with lots and lots of friends.

"September 10, 'The Fawn Who Was a Frisky Cat,' deals with a baby fawn who had no faith in his protective coloring until he was mistaken for a shadblow bush in full bloom.

"September 17, 'Dudley, the Most Ancient of Autos,' will be the story of an antique motor car which had been kept with loving care and was finally ruled off the road due to his age. It'll have a happy ending, of course, but I'm vague about it yet." These stories will come on the air at 11:45-12:00 noon, NBC-Red, Sundays.

SUNDAYS, A. M.

11:45-12:00 **NBC-Red** *Vernon Crane's Story Book*—(See introductory paragraph) Sept. 3, "The Shiest of Shadows"; Sept. 10, "The Fawn who was a Frisky Cat"; Sept. 17, "Dudley, the Most Ancient of Autos"; Sept. 24, "Wily, Woolly Worm."

SUNDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:00 **NBC-Red** *On Your Job*—Dramatizations of the opportunities and problems young men and women find in preparing for, finding, and keeping jobs: Sept. 3, You and Your Boss; Sept. 10, You and Your Secretary; Sept. 17, Job Frontiers. (Cont.)

2:00-2:30 **CBS** *Democracy in Action*—The stories of the various services of your government are dramatized.

3:30-4:00 **NBC-Red** *Name the Place*—A quiz program to test your knowledge of places. Clues are given in geography, history, and biographies of famous persons associated with a particular locality.

4:00-4:30 **CBS** *The Hour of Musical Fun*—A musical quiz program in which the musical erudition of four listeners is tested each week.

4:30-5:00 **NBC-Red** *The World Is Yours*—Dramatizations of adventures in the world of science, based upon exhibits in the Smithsonian Institution: Sept. 3, Story of the Street Car; Sept. 10, Lizards—Survivors of an ancient Animal Kingdom; Sept. 17, Early American Fashions; Sept. 24, World's Most Valuable Trees.

7:30-8:00 **NBC-Blue** *Radio Guild*—Presents new plays and experimental dramas—in verse, comedy, and any other form in which craftsmanship and dramatic values are outstanding.

8:00-9:00 **NBC-Blue** *NBC Symphony Orchestra*—Noted guest conductors will present standard master works and compositions by American composers. Programs will also include lighter works of symphonic literature now seldom heard.

MONDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **CBS** *Adventures in Science*—Interviews with prominent scientists about current scientific news.

7:15-7:30 **NBC-Red** *Luther-Layman Singers*—The history of America will be traced in a series of favorite ballads, folk songs, and heart songs. All these American songs will be presented just as they were originally given.

7:45-8:00 **NBC-Blue** *Science on the March*—Carroll Lane Fenton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the scientific discoveries of modern times: Sept. 4, Audubon of the Birds; Sept. 11, Living Together; Sept. 18, From Mouth to Man. (Cont.)

8:00-8:30 **NBC-Blue** *Order of Adventurers*—Famous scientists and explorers tell "true tall tales" about their experiences. Admiral Richard E. Byrd, famous polar explorer and flyer; Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, big-game hunter; Roy Chapman Andrews, director of the Am. Museum of Natural History; Lowell Thomas, noted journalist and world traveler; and Commander Felix Riesenberg, formerly of the U. S. Navy, will appear on this program.

Be sure to check the time by your local newspaper. The programs as presented here were as correct and accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleven-hour changes in program listings.

TUESDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **CBS** *March of Games*—Children who like asking and answering questions are given an opportunity on this program.

8:30-9:00 **NBC-Blue** *Information, Please*—Celebrities and intellectuals "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

6:00-6:15 **NBC-Red** *Art in the News*—Dr. Bernard Meyers, noted art critic and teacher, will discuss such events as the exhibitions of Modern Art and Great Masters at the New York World's Fair; openings of new museums; new works and new trends, and news-making developments.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

March of Games—See Tuesdays.

9:30-10:00 **MBS** *Sinfonietta*—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

9:00-10:00 **NBC-Red** *America's Lost Plays*—Unpublished plays, which were popular in the U. S. through the 19th century and have been only recently re-discovered in manuscript form, are produced.

10:00-10:30 **CBS** *The Columbia Workshop*—Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.

FRIDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **CBS** *Men Behind the Stars*—Dramatizations by Hayden Planetarium of stories of constellations: Sept. 1, Pegasus Australis—Southern Fish; Sept. 8, Auriga—Charioteer; Sept. 15, Pisces—Fishes. (Cont.)

Luther-Layman Singers—See Mondays.

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30 **MBS** *This Wonderful World*—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from Hayden Planetarium.

11:45-12:00 **NBC-Red** *Nature Sketches*—Short-wave transmitters pick up the wayside chats of the Junior Nature Group in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado: Sept. 2, Reading the Mountain's Story; Sept. 9, A Museum Visit.

SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:30 **NBC-Blue** *National Farm and Home Hour*—Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, this program offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families, as well as providing music and other entertainment.

12:30-1:00 **CBS** *Let's Pretend*—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

1:30-2:00 **CBS** *What Price America?*—Dramatized stories of the way our nation's resources are used, abused, and could be conserved.

7:00-7:30 **CBS** *Americans at Work*—Portrayals of the many varied jobs that make up American industrial life, with the voices of workers brought directly from tunnels, laboratories, ranches, and workshops: Sept. 2, Printer; Sept. 9, Illuminating Engineer; Sept. 16, Tailor; Sept. 23, Auctioneer; Sept. 30, Baseball Player.

9:30-10:00 **NBC-Red** *Arch Oboler's Plays*—This famous radio playwright offers original productions in which emotional conflict and not romance predominate; tales of imagination and fantasy rather than thrillers are told.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

to the back of his head, looked up at the ceiling, and began to play. The chords rippled under his fingers, and barely above his breath he hummed the air. The restless gray head lay quiet on the pillow. While Chavez played, his face looked different—no longer hard and sly and cruel, but dreamy and almost gentle.

"He's forgotten about the saddle!" thought Penny exultingly.

The last note had barely died away, however, when Chavez placed the guitar carefully upon the table. "She sleeps now, see?" He nodded toward the old woman. "And, though I regret, now I must go. I have far to ride and it is late. But first—" he turned to look at the saddle on the wall—"I will take this, that I have left here with Mrs. Ware for the safe-keeping. It is really my saddle, you understand, señorita? I do not like to trouble Mrs. Ware, but she will tell you it is so—when she awakes."

"Oh, no, you mustn't!" cried Penny. "It's not yours at all! That saddle belongs to Mrs. Ware!"

Chavez's eyes narrowed malevolently. Then he reached up to lift down the saddle.

But he had reckoned without Prince. The dog growled menacingly, and Joe whirled about, a long-bladed knife in his hand. His teeth showed, though he was not smiling.

"For a long time I have dreamed of put-

ting a knife into that brute," he muttered.

But before either man or dog could attack, Penny had snatched Chavez's guitar from the table. "Drop that knife!" she cried in a tone of command startling even to her own ears. "Drop it, or I'll smash your guitar—smash it to smithereens!"

Chavez turned, his face black with rage, his knife poised as though to throw it at Penny. So they faced each other for one tense second.

Suddenly footsteps pounded on the porch, and the door burst open. The lamplight shone on the stern faces of Uncle Fred, Billy, a Ranger in uniform, and another man who must be the doctor.

"Penny!" cried Uncle Fred. And then, "Chavez! We saw your horse outside. What are you doing here, you—you—?"

Chavez's black eyes glittered, and Penny, the guitar still in her hands, thought they looked like the eyes of a snake. He made no answer, however, but slowly, at a command from the Ranger, he raised his hands above his head.

"Keep your gun on him, Mr. Deane," the Ranger directed Uncle Fred as he quickly and expertly disarmed the half-breed.

Uncle Fred turned to Penny. "Our car got stuck part way up the fire road. We had to walk from there—that's what took us so long.

TWO GUITARS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Are you sure you are all right, Penny?"

Penny's knees had suddenly begun to tremble. She tried to keep her voice steady. "Yes, I'm all right," she said, "but Mrs. Ware—she's pretty sick, I guess. She's delirious."

"Was that fellow after Mrs. Ware's saddle, Penny?" cried Billy.

"Chavez was threatening you with a knife, wasn't he?" put in the Ranger, before she could answer her cousin. "How about that?"

Urged on by their questions, she told the story of her vigil and Chavez's part in it.

"Well, that just about settles *your* hash for a while," said the Ranger, scowling at the half-breed. "And it'll clear the air in this neighborhood considerable, I reckon, to have you out of the way."

Just then the doctor, who had been examining the unconscious figure on the bed, straightened up. "Mrs. Ware's going to need hospital care for a while," he said. "Bring in that stretcher, Bill. It'll be safe to carry her down to the car, if we take it carefully." He smiled at Penny. "Young lady, you've done a mighty good job of nursing."

On his way to do the doctor's bidding, Billy paused in the doorway. "Seems to me that Penny's done a mighty good job of everything," he said. "I mean—for an Eastern girl," of course, he added, grinning.

PARIS IN HOLLYWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

all their own sketching. Yvonne, here, is Eddie's sketch artist, but she also helps me out."

Yvonne is the eager young girl in the yellow shirt, who has been flitting in and out of the office as we talk. "Eddie" is Eddie Stevenson, the designer who does all the "A" pictures, and whose office adjoins Renie's.

Even sketch artists, then, are not greatly in demand in Hollywood, and those who do find niches there are the topnotchers like Yvonne.

It is rather staggering to realize that most of the burden of motion picture costume designing rests on the shoulders of perhaps a dozen people in Hollywood, and that, in turn, these dozen people influence profoundly the dress of the world.

"Have you any idea how many costumes you design?" we asked.

"The average picture requires ten different outfits for the lead. That necessitates making two to three sketches for each outfit—finished sketches—from which the director chooses the one to be made up. If there are several women in the picture, the number of sketches required is greatly increased. The picture might easily run into two or three dozen costumes."

"Is it the star, or the director, whom you must please? Or do you have free rein, with only yourself to please?" This was our next question.

Renie smiled ruefully, and soon we learned why.

"The designer must please at least one producer—and on this lot two producers, sometimes—on each picture. Then the director must be made happy, and the star, of course. And lately the sound man has been causing difficulties about the costumes!"

"The sound man! But why?"

"We always have used taffeta to make full

skirts stand out, and the sound man has now decided, all of a sudden, that taffeta sounds like a storm at sea. This creates a difficult problem for us, because in period clothes the fullness is an important part of the costumes. Some sound men are objecting to large hats because they say they do things to the voice, muffle it. And the cameramen! Some cameramen are very fussy about clothes. One won't 'shoot' pink. Another always wants white. Another won't shoot white. One likes hats that come down over one eye, and another won't have anything to do with a hat that isn't off the face. It gets to the point where you just sit down and laugh, because there is nothing else you can do.

"You see it isn't a matter of just sitting here and creating lovely things and expecting them to go over. Often a producer's idea of what is correct in a hat is what his wife has been wearing, or what his best girl wore the night before, and probably it isn't your idea of a hat at all. Most men really don't know a great deal about clothes, but we designers must please them, even before we please the stars themselves."

"I don't see why they should have anything to say about it," we protested.

"They shouldn't. I have studied clothes—I know clothes. I wouldn't presume to tell anyone how to act for the screen, but I have made a thorough study of clothes. Yet the designer has little to say about what is ultimately used. That is the fundamental reason for some of the very bad clothes on the screen. The stars sometimes have decided—and decidedly bad—ideas, and we must bow to them. They have the final say as to what they will wear. But once in a while a player who is just beginning her career will allow the designer to tell her what to wear, not only in her pictures but in her personal life as well.

"One of the things a designer must watch is what happens to her dress after it is out of her hands. Sometimes you may see an outfit leave the fitting room on the star, looking perfect. Then, about the middle of the morning, you go down on the set and find that the star and the hairdresser have concocted a fine little combination in the hair which kills the effect of the whole costume. That is why, when I am on a picture, I come into the studio at eight o'clock and stay with the players until they are dressed, then go on the set and stay until the first scene is shot. Then the costume is established in the picture, and no one can change anything."

We wondered how Renie keeps her good humor with all these difficulties. "What procedure do you follow when you are assigned to a picture?"

"First I read the script and break it down into costume changes. I find out who is going to be in the picture, talk to the producer about the type of clothing he wants, and then start making sketches. If the picture is not modern, one must do a great deal of research. I have my own costume books, and two or three of the studios have wonderful research departments which gather reference material from all over the United States on any picture. But almost all designers have collections of costume books. I use them constantly for ideas for my own personal clothes. The *National Geographic Magazine* is my pet for costume ideas.

"After the sketch is approved by everyone concerned, I select materials. We like to work from samples, but don't always have them. The sketch is then given to the fitter, who makes a pattern of muslin on the pattern figure of the star. Then the dress is cut out of the final material. At the first fitting we usually decide on (Continued on page 45)



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?



This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

LAND OF LIBERTY. Visitors to the two World's Fairs should not miss seeing this splendid exhibit of the Motion Picture Industry. It is a two-hour-long cavalcade of American history, made up of scenes from films produced in the last twenty-five years. Through the brilliant editorial craftsmanship of Cecil B. DeMille, the film has a superb narrative sweep rarely achieved in pictures planned and executed by a single company. Even the excitement of recognizing a scene as being from a certain film you once enjoyed does not detract from the continuity of the history it has been chosen to tell. This is because the personalities of actors, technical marvels, etc., have been subordinated so that quite frequently the film appears to be history photographed in the making. (MPPDA)

THE STAR MAKER. There is entertainment for everyone in this story (with music) based on the career of Gus Edwards, who started so many child performers on the road to fame. Bing Crosby plays the impresario and the plot provides opportunity for present-day prodigies, including flute-voiced Linda Ware, to display their talents, as well as for a lot of very funny comedy. Walter Damrosch appears as himself to conduct an orchestra and lends distinction to an always interesting film. (Para.)

WIZARD OF OZ. The story of a small Kansas girl's (Judy Garland) dream sojourn in the Fairyland of Oz, and what she learned there about life (particularly—that you don't have to leave home to look for happiness) is filmed in technicolor with all the charm of both the book and the musical comedy. Add lovely pageantry and the magic and fantastic imagery which the camera makes possible, and you have one of the year's authentic screen delights. The songs, incidental music, and dance numbers are all exquisitely done. (MGM)

Good

BEAU GESTE. (With Gary Cooper as Beau Geste.) Those to whom the story is new will find this a pictorially fine and exciting filming of it. If you remember the silent version you'll miss its more striking characterizations. There is one exception—the slow, cruel smile on the face of the present Sergeant Markoff (Brian Donlevy) makes him seem far more brutal than Noah Beery's scowling countenance did. If you like strong adventure, and do not get overly excited by it, you'll like this. (Para.)

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION. Blondie, Dagwood, and Baby Dumpling go to a summer camp and get mixed up with crooks. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake continue to improve in their comic characterizations and Larry Simms keeps the youngster tops as a laugh-maker. (Col.)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY. Jane Withers is the happy nomad who, together with her father (Leo Carillo), is taken in hand by the mother of the family (Spring Byington) and forced to give up gypsy travels for life in New York City. But it takes more than a metropolis to clip the wings of these adventurers, as the picture delightfully proves. (Fox)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW. With Edith Fellows as Polly, those who love the Pepper books will find this picture entirely satisfactory. Ronald Sinclair plays Jasper, and Tommy Bond, Joel. (Col.)

MAN IN THE IRON MASK. Romantic costume drama based on an adventure of the Dumas character, D'Artagnan (Warren William) and his three musketeers. Louis Hayward plays brilliantly the dual rôle of the tyrant Louis XIV and his twin brother Philippe who, unaware of his royal birth, has grown up, under

the influence of D'Artagnan, into a courageous knight. The main conflict occurs when the king discovers his brother's identity and contrives the diabolical iron mask as a means of torturing him. Joan Bennett is lovely as the Spanish princess who is betrothed to Louis XIV and in love with Philippe. Very good. (Un. Art.)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM. A really super-special Gene Autry Western, very well photographed with several novel twists to the plot. Good action film. (Rep.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN. Irvin S. Cobb's timely story of political honesty and middle-of-the-road philosophy is vitalized by Bob Burns' splendid characterization of the homespun hero. Very good. (Para.)

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE. One of the greatest true adventure stories of all time has been given a notable production in this outstanding film. The acting, too, is superior, with Spencer Tracy playing the American reporter, Henry M. Stanley, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the missionary—Dr. David Livingstone. Walter Brennan plays an old Indian fighter who is Stanley's faithful companion on his stupendous assignment to find Livingstone, missing for four years in the heart of Africa, or prove him dead. Very good. (Fox)

THIS MAN IS NEWS. A sequel to "This Man in Paris," and an expertly produced comedy about amateur sleuths tracking down a counterfeit gang. The humor is Scotch and the players English. Alastair Sim and Valerie Hobson are excellent. (Para.)

THE UNDERPUP. An amusing story of young girls at a summer camp with Gloria Jean, a bright new adolescent star, and that veteran child prodigy, Virginia Weidler, heading a fine cast of youngsters. (Univ.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER. Baby Sandy happens again in the life of Mischa Auer and proves that she is still a first-grade picture stealer. The story is inferior to Sandy's first vehicle, but her personality is even more irresistible. Left an orphan through an accident, Sandy (who is cast as a boy) is cared for by a group of actors. In one scene the prop chair in which the baby is hidden turns out to be a throne for one of the acts so that Sandy appears unexpectedly before the audience and takes it with the aplomb of an old-time troupier. (Univ.)

WYOMING OUTLAW. Donald Barry, in the rôle of an outlaw, proves himself a brilliant addition to the cast of this Three Mesquiteers Western. John Wayne is also satisfactory as the hero. Good of its kind. (Rep.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

LAND OF LIBERTY
THE STAR MAKER
WIZARD OF OZ

Good

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION
CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY. If interested.
FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW
MOUNTAIN RHYTHM
OUR LEADING CITIZEN
THE UNDERPUP
UNEXPECTED FATHER
WYOMING OUTLAW

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

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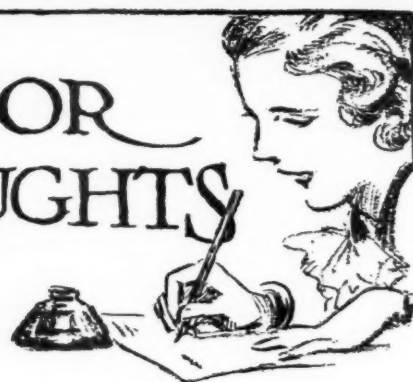
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A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



"TWELVE DELIGHTFUL GIFTS"

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and am a loyal reader. It was given to me on my birthday and I think it is one of the nicest gifts anyone could ever hope to have. A subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL is truly twelve delightful gifts instead of one.

I am thirteen years old and in the ninth grade. In closing I would like to say that, of all the magazines I have taken, I like THE AMERICAN GIRL far better than any of them.

Virginia Hunter

KITTY'S HOBBY

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA: I have only subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for about six months, but already I love it and look forward to its coming every month. My favorite stories are the Lucy Ellen and the Midge stories. I also like Phyl and Meg—and, well, I really like all of them so much I don't know which are my favorites.

I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade. My hobby is reading.

I hope THE AMERICAN GIRL will continue to have such swell stories and articles, and I will always be enthusiastic over its Girl Scout activities.

Kitty A. Krell

VIRGINIA'S HOBBY

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI: I received a subscription for two years from my Mother as a birthday present. I just can't tell you how much I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I am eleven years old and in the eighth grade. My chief hobby is reading. I love good books.

I like the Bobo Witherspoon stories. But, best of all, I like the Midge stories. *Pandora's Box* was excellent. *What Price Health?* was very helpful.

I am not a Girl Scout, but I would like to be one very much.

I am saving all my issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL to read again. I couldn't do without the magazine.

Virginia Robards

MADelyn ENJOYS MOVIES

PAGOSA SPRINGS, COLORADO: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for sixteen months and like it very much. My grandmother gave me a subscription as a present.

I especially like *What's On the Screen?* because I am a movie fan. I also enjoy Lucy Ellen and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

Our town is about eight hundred in popu-

lation and we do not have a Girl Scout troop. I regret it very much.

I can hardly wait until each issue comes, and when it does, no one sees or hears anything of me until I have read and reread every line of it two or three times. I think it is the finest magazine ever published.

Madelyn Murray

THANK YOU, AUDREY

WOODBINE, IOWA: I live in a small town of one thousand three hundred people, and there is no Girl Scout troop, much to my distress. I envy you who live in cities—in this one way only, for, otherwise, our town is perfect. I can sympathize with Sara Wright, you see.

To me THE AMERICAN GIRL is not a magazine but a funland—and I feel certain that it must be the same with its other subscribers.

To sum everything up in a nutshell, I'll just say, "Hurrah for the Girl Scouts, Juliette Low, and our AMERICAN GIRL!"

Audrey E. De Cou

COLLEGE FOR SARAH

SANDY SPRINGS, MARYLAND: I have been reading THE AMERICAN GIRL for over five years, and I would like you to know how much enjoyment and information I have gleaned from its pages. I have enjoyed the stories because they are so true to life, and the non-fiction articles for the useful information that has helped me in all my school work. I am graduating soon from high school and I hope the information will help me next year as I plan to enter the State Teachers' College. The articles on vocations have been a parallel to my English and Economic studies.

As I am a stamp collector, the monthly *When Stamps Are Your Hobby* is of great use to me. The Scout news is interesting, too. I was a Girl Scout for four years. In all, THE AMERICAN GIRL is an all round magazine for any and everyone to enjoy.

Sarah Adams

CHARLOTTE'S AMBITION

ATCHISON, KANSAS: After receiving my favorite magazine for one issue more than two years, I think I owe a letter to the *Penny for Your Thoughts* department of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I first became acquainted with the magazine when I was nine. I am eleven now.

Our school, the newest in Atchison, takes THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am a Girl Scout in one of Atchison's fourteen troops. Our Girl Scout Day Camp is starting in about a week.

It was not until recently that I became interested in the *Penny for Your Thoughts*

page. I like the Midge stories best and I wish you would print more of them. Bushy and Lofty are also my favorites. When I get four years of AMERICAN GIRL magazines, I am going to have them bound in book form. When I am grown up, my chief ambition is to be a fashion model in New York City.

May THE AMERICAN GIRL wave forever o'er the land of Scouthood!

Charlotte Thayer

WHAT MOVIES TO SEE

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL only a few months, but so far I have enjoyed it very much. The first thing I look for every month is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. *What's On the Screen?* was a great help to me several times when Mother was trying to decide whether she wanted me to see a certain picture. I liked that article on *Can Girls Be Lawyers?* and I wish you would have some more articles of that kind.

I am not a Girl Scout, but I love THE AMERICAN GIRL just the same.

Pauline Playdon

GLADY'S BEST PRESENT

ALLENDALE, MICHIGAN: Last Christmas one of my best presents was a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years. We just have a small neighborhood which is not large enough for a Girl Scout troop, but all the exciting things I hear about Scouting in THE AMERICAN GIRL make me want to have one.

I liked the story, *A Stroke of Luck*, and I like the stories of Midge.

This is the first time I have written to *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like THE AMERICAN GIRL from one cover to the other.

Gladys Wolbrink

SAFETY AT HOME

MOGADORE, OHIO: My new copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL came the other day, and I enjoyed it so much that I decided to write.

I want to thank Florence Nelson for her article on *Comfortable Homes Are Safe Homes*. I am a Girl Scout and have been working on home safety for First Class. The article helped me very much.

All of my friends absolutely love to read my old AMERICAN GIRL copies. Some of my friends subscribed after reading them.

I enjoy S. Wendell Campbell's illustrations and cover designs.

I live just seven miles from the big center of rubber, Akron, Ohio.

Mary Jane King

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City

PARIS IN HOLLYWOOD

the type of bag, gloves, hat, and shoes, and make any necessary alterations. At the last fitting, we put the whole outfit together, and show it to the producer. He sees it on the star before it is ready for work. We do not have time to test the costumes or materials before the camera, although Adrian tests material for the camera before he ever makes a costume, and then tests the costume against the background in which it is to be worn. In other words, he makes a camera test of the costumes on the set.

"We work always with the thought of the camera in mind, but, without camera-testing, even the best cameraman cannot be positive how clothes will photograph, and so we cannot possibly know. For instance, gray sometimes has more pink in it, or red will have a blue tone which affects the photography. Banton almost always worked in black, white, beige, blue, and gray. Those colors almost always go true, the pale blues particularly.

"Lucille Ball, one of our young starlets, always wants blue, so practically everything we make for her is blue, because she is happy in it. Many of the girl players buy their clothes when the picture is finished, so we try to make the clothes up not only in colors that will photograph well, but that will please the actress herself."

We were bursting with another question. "Don't you have to study the stars closely in order to make clothes that will show them to best advantage?"

"Oh, yes, we must study their figures. And, besides their actual faults in appearance, some of them have queer ways of thinking, and we must cater to those quirks. Every girl has some one physical feature that she thinks is very bad"—we look at each other and nod emphatically—"and which probably isn't bad at all. She always wants to cover that fault. One girl will think she has an ugly neck, and probably her neck is the best feature of her body. Another will insist she cannot wear short skirts because of her legs—and she probably has shapely legs. We try to talk them out of these quirks, but sometimes it is impossible.

"A certain very famous dancing star overheard a chance remark one time—'Her legs are too thin!' It just happened that the speak-

er's idea of feminine beauty was personified by a rather heavy-set girl whom he admired at the time, but to this day that star will not wear a dancing dress that is not ankle-length, although she could wear short-skirted dancing dresses beautifully."

"That is a good thought for all of us, isn't it?" we commented, thinking about a certain physical flaw of our own about which we had built up great sensitiveness. We decided to look at it impartially and see if it were so bad after all. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be rid of that old bugaboo?

"Yes," said Renie, "and another thing—fashion doesn't really mean anything. Your clothes must suit *you*; they shouldn't be simply what everyone else happens to be wearing at the moment. A dress might be two or three years old, but if it suits you, it probably is far more becoming than the new dress you bought last week because Sadie Jones had one in that new style."

This made us feel rather smug and happy about that pet suit of ours. We always felt so *right* in it, but were thinking we should discard it on general principles, because of its age and the hard service it had given. We decided to hang on to it, gladly.

Renie went on, "Following up this mental obstacle idea—if people would just *try things*, instead of going into a store and saying to the saleslady, the minute they look at a hat, 'No, I can't wear it!' Even if you think it is going to be hideous on you, try it and see.

"Try on dresses that are completely different from your usual costume. Maybe they will be awful, but that is the only way you can learn things, and be sure of them. So many times I have gone out to buy hats with young players. The girl will say, 'I am not going to even try it on.' I'll say then, 'Try it and see.' Half the time that is the hat we select.

"Be open-minded, ready to find out whether your ideas are right or wrong. Give new ideas a chance."

Just at this interesting juncture, a messenger boy brought an envelope to Renie, and she signed a receipt for it.

"Preview tickets," she remarked. "Ann Shirley's new picture. Yes," in answer to our

unspoken question, "I did the clothes for it."

Then a dressmaker from outside the studio brought in a large box containing a dress. Renie exclaimed with delight. It was a dress for herself, which she would wear that night. We were all agog to see it, so she put it on. It was a white dinner gown, designed by herself, with yards and yards of material in the circular skirt, the bodice intricately shirred and tightly fitted, the neck high, and the sleeves close and long. We were charmed with it, but Renie looked in the mirror with the critical eye of the expert.

After many slow pirouettes and much serious lip-pursing, as she eyed the lines and fit, however, she was satisfied. We would be, too. Renie is one designer who can not only design lovely clothes, but wear them.

As we went to lunch together in the studio café an attractive, smiling lady waved from the window of a coupé driving down the studio street. Renie waved back.

"Irene Castle," she explained. We fell silent, remembering that Irene Castle is one of those clever ladies who found out what sort of clothes looked right on her, and wore them regardless of fashion's whims and dictates.

During the luncheon chatter, we came to the conclusion that, even if we can't all be famous designers and plan clothes for the glamorous stars of the screen, we can study ourselves and can learn much from seeing in the movies those stars who are dressed by designers like Renie. And while we observe and learn, we will remember all the while that we are not Ginger Rogers or Katharine Hepburn, but Sally Jones and Sue Smith, and that our clothes should be planned and worn so that they will be right for our kind of living, and pleasing to our own very important audience of friends and family and school and business associates—in fact to all the people we like and want to like us. Not that clothes will be the all-important question in our lives—no, indeed—but we want to be able to solve that question so well that we may pursue our way unhampered by self-consciousness over badly chosen and inappropriate clothes. We want to be well dressed that we may be poised and serene, with the confidence in ourselves that charmingly simple and appropriate clothes can give us.

YOUR ROOM AND YOU

a chance to develop your skill in window trimming. One young friend of ours is planning to dress her windows next spring with double-tiered curtains of cool green organdie; she says she is going to arrange it so she can draw the lower pair together for privacy, but push the upper pair to the sides to admit the sun. And this isn't all! She is going to put potted plants on swinging brackets at the sides of each window.

The "living curtain" is another notion that may tickle your fancy. All you need are two glass shelves across the window, fastened to each sash, and a number of small pots of fern or ivy—any growing plant—to put on these shelves. Or, if you'd rather, the window shelves may hold a collection of small colored glass vases that will turn the sunlight into glowing color as it streams through.

Now we've discussed the room pretty

thoroughly, except for your rugs. Be sure that these have both warmth and color, but remember that the beauty of floor coverings should be felt rather than seen. If the pattern in the rug stands out too clearly, it will destroy the balance of the room. By this we mean that rugs or carpets with designs that seem to jump up from the floor should be avoided. *Wall* coverings should give the appearance of *receding*—never with patterns which jump out at you—and *floor* coverings should give the restful impression of lying unobtrusively *flat to the floor*.

And now for a few general easy-to-follow rules in home decoration.

1. Begin decoration with the right background, but be sure it is a background against which other things may be displayed to advantage.

2. Use cool colors—greens, blues and neutral grays—for sunny rooms; and use colors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

belonging to the red and yellow families for rooms that face north and east.

3. With plain walls, use figured draperies and patterned rugs (or plain but richly toned rugs, if you like) and vice versa.

4. Let the draperies tone in with walls, rugs, and spreads.

5. Hang pictures on pin hooks which push into the wall.

6. If the picture or mirror is too heavy to be supported in this way, hang it from a single cord, never in a V, from a hook on the molding. Or with *two* cords and *two* hooks on the molding, hang it so that the cords are parallel.

7. Choose a vertical picture for a tall, rectangular space.

8. Select unobtrusive frames for pictures—they fit into a room better.

9. Don't hang pictures against patterned walls unless the design in the paper is small,

such as simple dots repeated, for instance.

10. Group small pictures together. One small picture alone is not important enough for wall decoration.

11. Hang a mirror against a patterned wall. Its shining surface reflects the color and design.

12. Don't put a large ornament in a little space. It spoils the balance of the room.

13. Think in terms of *use* when you re-furnish your room. If anything is no longer of service or pleasure to you, discard it. Put

it away, if you do not wish to throw it away.

14. Place the bed where it will be protected from draughts.

15. Put the dressing table where it will have plenty of light.

16. Place large pieces of furniture parallel to the wall, not catty-corner. Keep the center of the room clear for traffic, but arrange the furniture so as to break the monotony of the floor line.

17. Add a tea table for a hospitable touch. Place this near the chair and lamp, or before

the couch, if you have a couch in your room.

18. Be sure your lamps are of the right height and are placed where they give the best service to your eyes.

19. Keep your books within arm's reach.

20. Don't overcrowd shelves or table tops with gadgets.

21. Have a place for everything—don't scatter your possessions carelessly over the room.

22. Clear out unnecessary objects once in a while; it will make your room more livable.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

float, canoe polo, a hundred-yard race, all by the Offshore Club—and tub races and duck dives by the younger amphibians. Bushy was not in a tub. Stubbornly attired in her sea-stained dungarees, she prowled just outside the exhibition area in her boat, keeping her threatened aloofness. Jem Duncan, his chest adorned by the Life Saver emblem on his bright green bathing suit, rowed out in the patrol boat and accosted her.

"Aren't you in any of the events, Bushy?" he asked. "You look like a disgusted old herring gull, bobbing around out here."

"I don't qualify," said Bushy coldly.

"What d'you mean, don't qualify?" demanded Jem. "After all that racket I put you through?"

"I am not a member of the Offshore Club, you may recollect," Bushy explained clearly. Jem Duncan was president of that august organization.

"Holy cuttlefish!" he cried. "Well, if I don't have a word to say to Lofty Ryder!"

He rowed off purposefully, and Bushy olimated at the bright scene inshore. Margie Olmsted, she noted, was swimming leisurely outward, and Edward Ryder was pushing a skiff off from the skid. They were timing their stunt very stupidly, Bushy thought, for every one was looking and laughing at the antics of the juvenile tub racers close inshore.

"Why the skiff?" wondered Bushy. "Can't he swim up and save the girl? Surely he's not going to reach over and haul her into the boat, after all the violent preparations."

But Lofty had a more spectacular idea in mind. Margie, unfortunately unnoticed by the spectators, began making feigned gesticulations for help. Lofty dropped his oars, stood up in the skiff, and took a dramatic header over the side. Bushy, withdrawing her attention from the tub race, watched idly.

"Impressive," she murmured. "Well—I didn't know he could swim under water *that* long!" She continued to watch. Margie ducked under and bobbed up again. It was *too* long. Suddenly a horrifying certainty shot through Bushy like an ice-cold blade. The dumb-bell had dived too deep from the skiff in his excitement. He wasn't swimming under water; he had hit his head and was on the bottom.

Bushy pulled down long, terrified strokes for the empty skiff. Over there, she kicked off her shoes, yanked off her shirt and slacks, and, in her faded blue bathing suit, tumbled over the side at the point where she had last seen Lofty. She didn't even know whether the one yell of "Help!" that still rang in her ears had come from herself or the supposedly drowning Margie.

She tucked down her chin, stroked with her hands, and went to the bottom. The water was clear. In the wavering, greeny

SINK or SWIM

light she could not be sure she saw anything distinctly. With eyes wide against the salt, and her ears ringing, hours seemed to go by in the moment before she located the dim shape that was her unfortunate brother. Confused by the strange, magnifying properties of the water, she groped and struggled; then her desperate hands grasped him suddenly, and, with a tremendous shove on the hard bottom, she took off, her breath spent. The gliding ease with which they both came up was like something in a dream; Bushy would not have believed it possible. Her head shot above the dazzling surface of the bay, she took a great gulp of air and automatically leveled Lofty off and got him into a cross-chest carry. Only after she had swum several yards did her spinning senses clear enough for her to yell another "Help!" on general principles.

She was astonished to find the bow of the patrol skiff over her, Jem Duncan's brown arms reaching down. The spectator crowd ashore blurred in one seething mass of color; they did not seem to be watching the tub race any more. Bushy would have said that hours had passed since her moment of speculation as to how long Lofty could swim under water. She would not have believed that no more than five minutes had gone by between the time he had made his theatrical dive from the skiff, and now, when she had him again above the surface. But that was plenty long enough.

They towed him ashore—for both she and Jem remembered the remarks of the manual about people who hit their heads while diving.

Dr. Bowen, on vacation from his New York practice, was luckily among the spectators. In fact, he was standing knee-deep in the water, oblivious of his beautiful striped flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes.

"Easy!" shouted Dr. Bowen. "Easy, till we find out about his head!" As if Jem and Bushy hadn't been thinking of that all the way in. Bushy had a brief glimpse of her mother, and wondered momentarily how a person's face could be that funny color. Margie, who in some miraculous manner had stopped drowning and come ashore, looked almost as green.

Jem and Dr. Bowen made a good team, and they worked together—ignoring the people who belatedly crowded around with ropes, life buoys, and other useless offerings. A more sensible idea was a pair of blankets from the boathouse, tremblingly fetched by Roy Bennett. Margie, after looking over other people's shoulders for a minute, went off with set lips to brew hot coffee on the boathouse electric stove.

Dr. Bowen looked up. "No concussion, no fracture," he announced with conviction. "A good tap on the head—enough to put

him out. Shock, and a lot of water inside. But let me tell you, if he'd stayed down there another minute or two, he wouldn't be coming around now."

For Lofty was coming around. He lay blinking up at the tense faces above him, and then made the timeworn remark of the reviving human, "Where am I? What happened?"

"It's all right. Don't talk, dear," said his mother, kneeling at the water's edge beside him.

Dr. Bowen saw Margie shakily advancing with her little coffepot. "Good girl!" he commented. "He can swallow now. Get this into you, fellow. Then some of you boys find a boat mattress or something and we'll take him up to the house. No, sir—no walking yet. You'll be all right, but some drying and warming and sleeping is going to go on first."

"Bushy saved him," several awed young voices were crying. "Bushy's the one that went right down and saved him!"

"Where is Bushy?" wondered somebody.

Jem Duncan gazed around. "Look out!" he cried suddenly. "She's going to flop!"

"Need you tell everybody?" said Bushy crossly, just as everything went fuzzy for a minute. When things cleared again, she found she was being carried up to the house in the muscular brown arms of Jem Duncan, her ear against the Life Saver emblem on his bright green bathing suit.

"Gracious, put me down!" she protested. "I'm not the Victim."

"No, but you're the Victim of the Victim," Jem said. "Keep still, will you, you ungrateful, clammy little octopus? Do you realize you saved that mug's life?"

"I'm beginning to wonder why," said Bushy with a feeble attempt at humor, and found, to her dismay, that she was crying. She hoped that Jem would think it was more salt water running out of her hair.

"Listen to me, Beatrice Ryder," Jem commanded, refusing to set her down, "next Wednesday the examiner is going to be here. And you'll rate a Life Saving certificate, all right—maybe a medal, for all I know, for actually saving a life. I saw the whole thing, only I couldn't get there before you. You never boggled or hesitated; you went through as if you were a precision machine. Talk about practicing until the motions become automatic!"

"The book seemed to be printed all over my brain," said Bushy. "I don't know—I just had to. But it was horrible—even though I knew what I had to do. How much more horrible it must be if you don't know."

"Exactly," said Jem. "We all ought to know how."

"Was it hours?" wondered Bushy wearily. "It must have been." (Continued on page 49)



Laugh and Grow Scout

Her Speed

HUSBAND: I've a surprise for you—two tickets for the theater.

WIFE: Fine! I'll start dressing at once.

HUSBAND: Yes, do, my dear. The tickets are for to-morrow night. — *Anonymous, Shafter, California.*

The Answer

In a certain school district, one of the trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he visited a school he always questioned the pupils as to what they would do in case of fire. Knowing this, the teacher coached the children in the answer they should give.

When the visitor called, however, he prefaced his remarks by saying, "Boys and girls, what would you do if I were to make a little speech?"

To his surprise, a hundred voices shouted in unison, "Form a line and march downstairs!" — *Sent by BETSY STEIN, Saint Louis, Missouri.*

He Thought So

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote Willie afterwards, "is about as big as teacher." — *Sent by EDNA PACHL, Fort Smith, Arkansas.*

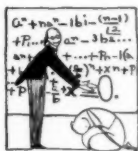


That Depends

TOMMY: Is it true that it is good luck to have a cat follow you, Mr. Brown?

MR. BROWN: That depends on whether you're a man or a mouse, Tommy. — *Sent by ELIZABETH VANNET, Coleraine, Minnesota.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Wasted Effort

PROFESSOR (finishing a long algebra problem): And so we find X equals zero.

SOPHOMORE: All that work for nothing! — *Sent by JUNE HAWTHORNE, Washington, D. C.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

Naturally

TEACHER: Every day we breathe oxygen. What do we breathe at night, Milly?

MILLY: Nitrogen. *Sent by MARTHA LEE REAMS, Toledo, Ohio.*

Trimming

A long wisp of artificial grain was the ornament on the hat of a girl in the bus. It was placed horizontally, and it tickled the face of a man who sat next to its wearer. Soon it came to rest in his ear. The man took a huge clasp-knife from his pocket and began stropping it on the palm of his hand.

The girl looked startled.

"If them oats gets in my ear again, miss," remarked the victim menacingly, "there's going to be a harvest." — *Sent by CATHERINE HINZE, Madison, Wisconsin.*



Puzzling

MARTA: I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go, anyway?

MATTY: It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and they're headed in another. — *Sent by CATHERINE JEANNE DIXON, Austin, Minnesota.*

The Newlyweds

HUSBAND: Do you mean to say there's only one course for dinner to-night? Just cheese?

WIFE: Yes, dear. You see when the chops caught fire and fell into the pudding, I had to use the soup to put them out. — *Sent by BETTY JACOBSEN, Alpha, Washington.*

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A NEW three-cent purple adhesive commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into the Union of the States of North and South Dakota, Montana, and Washington will be issued this fall. This stamp will establish something of a precedent because it has been the Post Office Department's announced policy not to recognize admission-to-Statehood anniversaries of less than one hundred years. The design will probably show a map of the four States being honored and the first day of issue will probably take place in the capitals of each of the four States.

On August fifteenth a special commemorative stamp, honoring the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal, was issued by the United States. It is of the three-cent denomination, printed in purple ink, the design showing framed portraits of former President Theodore Roosevelt and General George W. Goethals, with a steamship passing through the Gaillard Cut of the Canal.

Because United States stamps are not good for postage in the Canal Zone, it was necessary that this stamp have its first sale at the Navy Mail Post Office on board the "U. S. S. Charleston" which was stationed in the Canal Zone on the anniversary date, since all Navy vessels, carrying their own post offices, use United States stamps regardless of the part of the world in which they may be stationed. The official cancellation on first day covers contains the wording "U. S. S. Charleston, Canal Zone."

An entirely new type of airmail service in the United States went into operation on July sixth with the inauguration of autogyro service between the Philadelphia airport at Camden, New Jersey and the roof of the Philadelphia post office. This marked the first time that the post office has utilized the autogyro in an airport-to-post-office shuttle service to speed up the handling of mails. The Philadelphia post office was picked for the initial experimental tests because the building was specially designed so that its roof could be used for the landing and take-off of an autogyro. Several flights are made each day.

Hungary has issued a new series of fourteen stamps to replace the regular issue. Nine of the stamps are of small size with five of them in larger format. Upon the one filler wine-red, two filler blue-green, four filler yellow-brown, five filler violet, six filler light-green, ten filler brown, and sixteen filler violet is the "Sagra Corona," the Hungarian Holy Crown. The twenty filler blue-gray shows a picture of Saint Stephen. The "Patrona Hungariae," Madonna and Child, is the subject of the twenty-five filler blue-gray. The Corona-

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tion Church of Budapest is shown upon the twenty filler red-violet. The thirty-two filler brown pictures the Calvinist Church at Debrecen, and the Cathedral of Esztergom is on the forty filler blue-green. On the fifty filler

yellow-green is the Evangelist Church of Budapest, and the Cathedral of Kassa is the subject of the seventy filler rose-red.

Cuba has issued three new stamps to call attention to the country's cigar industry. The

one centavo shows a native smoking; the two-centavos value has a cigar super-imposed upon a map of the world and surrounded by a garland, and on the five centavos is shown tobacco leaves with a box of cigars.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

"It was about five minutes and ten seconds from disappearance to reappearance," said Jem.

"Queer," reflected Bushy. "Lofty'll get his certificate, too, next week, I suppose."

"I'm not so sure," said Jem. "I don't know how the examiner will feel about that dive of his. It was poor judgment—a dive like that, in water that depth, just to show off. Bushy—you're shivering terribly. I'll sprint the rest of the way."

"I don't think I need any emblem," said Bushy between chattering teeth. "Right now, I don't ever want to see the water again."

"That's no way to feel, though I can't say that I blame you," counseled Jem. "You must

SINK or SWIM

swim to-morrow—mustn't lose your nerve."

"All right, boss," said Bushy.

"More blankets for the heroine!" called Jem, striding up the stairs of the Ryder cottage.

"Will you shut up?" implored Bushy.

Mrs. Ryder, hurrying from Lofty's room, bestowed a convulsive embrace upon her clammy daughter. "Can't even tell you, now," she whispered. "... talk later."

Lofty waved a pale hand from among his hot-water bottles. "Could a fellow commend you?" he mumbled. "Apt pupil, it seems."

Bushy struggled out of Jem's arms and stood shivering on the threshold.

"Now if you just hadn't said *that*!" she cried. "I was all ready to sob on your bos-

om, or something. Why *did* I bother with you? Next time, I won't! Anyway, the marvelous water sports of the Offshore Club were a spectacular success—even if a *non-member* did participate!"

"Bushy—Bushy, dear!" advised Mrs. Ryder hastily. "Your bed's all ready, and a nice hot-water bottle."

"Gimme some dry clothes and a doughnut!" stormed Bushy. "That's all I want. And I'll meet you out at the float to-morrow morning, Jem. Make it early. Thanks for the lift!"

Jem, shaken with admiring laughter, started downstairs. But he returned to put his head in at Lofty's door.

"You thick-witted sap!" he said tenderly.

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THEY HELD THE FORT

the allies of the French. They were paid well for English scalps, and still better for such English prisoners as they might bring to Quebec. That was why they had attacked the fort so many times.

The spaniel spent so much time that day looking backward that he was soon far behind the soldiers and the rest of the dogs. Perhaps it was because he was so old that he moved slowly along the trail. Perhaps it was the ache in his legs which made him stop. Perhaps it was the ache in his heart.

Presently the sound of the horses' feet could be heard no longer. At last not even the bark of a dog came back on the wind. Well, the spaniel thought, he was very tired. He would simply have to get some rest. He lay down under a sassafras bush and went to sleep.

When he awoke, he knew he never could catch up with the men and dogs. There was no use even trying. He would go back to the fort. After all, his master had said *somebody* ought to hold Number Four. Perhaps some of the settlers, or the soldiers who had gone away some weeks before, had come back. What would they think, if they didn't find the spaniel there, on guard, as usual? Who would smell the Indians for them?

Suddenly the spaniel's feet were twinkling through the forest. He was running north. He was going home!

He never wondered how he should get inside the fort. When he reached the place and saw the closed door, he whined once or twice for it to be opened. Then he went all around the outside walls, walls of thick timbers standing fourteen feet high. Nowhere was there a hole big enough for him to squeeze through. Suddenly he remembered the hidden tunnel. Only recently it had been filled with dirt. But, after all, what was dirt to a dog? He started digging right away. When the dark came, he went to sleep.

As he slept, something scratched up the wall beside him and a dark shadow slipped into the fort. The spaniel was so very tired he never awakened. When morning came he began digging again. By noon he was inside the fort. It was very still, and very lonely.

He moved slowly around from house to house. He found the hole under the barn where he had buried some bones. He unearthed one and crunched it slowly.

There was a horrible sound behind him. He whirled about. Then his heart stood still. It was the enemy—his own personal enemy! There, just back of him, was Mrs. Stevens' black cat! How he hated her!

Judging from the way she was looking now, she hated him just as much. Every hair on her back was standing straight up. She was bowed together in an arch, and her tail was the size of a dozen cats' tails—well, half a dozen, at least!

No one knows what battle might have been fought then and there at Number Four, if the dog had not remembered that it was time to make sure there were no Indians about. For Captain Stevens, with the spaniel at his heels, was accustomed to encircling the fort once every hour during the day, to make certain there were no lurking enemies outside.

With more haste than dignity, the spaniel sped for the tunnel, but once outside he encircled the fort very slowly, getting back his dignity and courage at every step. No, thank goodness, there were no Indians!

Meanwhile the cat, as though anxious to do her part, had climbed a sapling. From this she could step to a house roof. There on the ridgepole she sat, looking anxiously to the north.

Night came, and the spaniel found in the barn floor the hole through which he was accustomed to get inside the barn. He crawled through and made himself a nice bed in the hay.

The cat sat on the flat stone before the Stevens house. She was accustomed to sleep on a rug by the fireplace. But the door remained closed. The stone was hard. It was very cold before morning.

The next day, the spaniel and the cat paid no attention to each other. The spaniel dug up another bone. The cat caught a mouse. The spaniel encircled the fort. The cat climbed the tree, sat on the roof top, and looked to the north. Even though she came

unexpectedly upon the spaniel taking a minute's nap, she went on quietly. Her tail stayed its normal size. Not a hair raised on her back. She wondered if the spaniel had spent as miserable a night as she had. After all, the barn might not be so bad. She had sometimes taken a nap there in the daytime. Hay was much softer than a stone step.

That night, when the spaniel crawled under the barn and through the hole in the flooring, the cat watched and crept quietly after him. Once inside the barn, she looked about her. Finally she curled up on the haymow just as far away from the spaniel as she could get.

So, for a time, it went on. The dog went about his affairs. He kept a respectful distance from the cat. The cat went about her affairs. She kept a respectful distance from the dog.

Some days she would even follow after him when he made his rounds. Once he killed a rabbit. The cat's mouth watered as he ate it. When he had finished, she went and gnawed at what was left.

It was fortunate for the spaniel that not only he, but the other dogs as well, had buried bones under the barn. It was a rare day he couldn't manage to dig up at least one.

As for the cat, she always caught at least one mouse. And occasionally there was a nice, juicy rat. The settlers' cattle and sheep, even their hogs, had been killed by the Indians that summer, but before this had happened, the hay from the big meadow had been brought in. And there had been a fairly good-sized crop of corn.

The corn in the barn drew the mice and the rats. And the cat grew very clever at catching them, much more so than in the old days when she could always depend on a saucer of milk by the fireplace, or a dish of food left from the family's dinner.

The spaniel watched the cat carefully. Soon he, too, was catching mice and rats. After a little he enjoyed the flavor as much as the cat did.

There is no way of knowing how long their dog and cat life might have continued its even course in this sort of distant and polite fashion, if the snow had not come early

and the weather had not turned very cold.

Then, even though the barn was well built and the hay piled high, one's bones ached with the cold. The dog burrowed deeper and deeper in the hay at one side of the barn. The cat burrowed deeper and deeper in the hay at the other side. Still it seemed as though they couldn't keep warm. Every night was colder than the one before.

The dog sighed, then a little whine escaped him. He was so cold. He was lonely, too.

Then he heard something. He lay very still. It was the cat. She was moving slowly and quietly over the hay. Suddenly he jumped, for he felt her cold nose on his ear. My goodness, what was that curious sound she was making? It was a friendly, comfortable sound. It made him think of crickets singing in the summer time, or sap boiling in the great iron kettles under the sugar maples in the spring.

While these thoughts ran through his mind, the cat was curling down right under his chin, just as close as she could get. She was nice and warm, almost like a stove.

The dog slept. Next day, the two went about their affairs as usual. That night the cat went straight to the place where she had slept the night before, and curled down under the spaniel's chin. He folded his front paws about her. She began that comfortable, friendly humming again.

When the dog woke the next morning, the cat was trying to wash his face. Then the dog, just to show that he harbored no ill

feeling for her behavior in the old days, lapped the top of her head with his tongue.

He didn't like to have his face washed. She didn't like to have her head lapped. But each seemed to understand that the other meant well. That day, wherever the dog went, the cat followed after. She thought he was very clever when he caught a rabbit. He left her a perfectly good rabbit leg to eat.

The snow had blown high against the wall of the fort. The pair could walk straight over and down the other side. The dog managed to make the rounds nearly every day. As the roof top was slippery now, the cat made the rounds with him.

Then the snow melted. The dog had to wait for a while before he could make his rounds. Only when the ground thawed enough so that he could dig his way out, did he manage it. Then again the cat climbed up the sapling to the roof and looked to the north. There was no sign of Indians.

The bones under the barn were gone. The rats were gone. Only an occasional field mouse remained and these were very wary. But the dog and the cat managed to catch enough to live on. Once the dog brought in a partridge.

Every night the spaniel folded the cat between his front paws and she purred until he fell asleep.

But what would they do when the Indians came? Then the fort, the only home they knew, would be burned to the ground. Well, there was no use speculating. The

important thing was to make the rounds!

One day, while the dog was doing this, he saw something coming. He stood still and looked and looked. Then he crawled back through the tunnel and ran to the sapling. He barked gently. "Come down, quick!" he seemed to say.

The cat uncurled her tail and stood up, turning about as she did so. Then in a rush she descended.

The spaniel ran to the gate. The cat moved at his heels.

A key turned in the lock, the latch clicked, and the great door which had been closed all winter swung back. There stood Captain Stevens, and behind him a company of soldiers and their dogs.

"Not a soul here!" he cried. And then two creatures launched themselves upon him, one from the right side, one from the left, one barking, one purring, two tongues licking his cheeks with delight. "Well, by George, there *is* someone here, after all! Look, boys, they've held the fort for us all this winter!"

Down in his journal he wrote it: "We found Number Four in good condition. But imagine our surprise, on entering, to be heartily welcomed by an old spaniel and a cat, which had been left behind and had remained during the winter as the fort's sole defenders and occupants."

Probably it was the only time in American history a dog and cat had held a fort and kept watch, by themselves, over an outpost.

YOU CAN MAKE A SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

with their hands. And nothing makes a person appear more awkward. Such a posture not only constricts your breathing, but thrusts forward your tummy in a most unsightly manner.

Practice saying your speech before a long mirror. Your hands should hang easily at your sides; your body should be relaxed, not stiff; your feet well together and one foot slightly in advance of the other. As you turn from side to side, in addressing your audience, shift your feet naturally, always resting your weight on the ball of the forward foot.

And finally, take care never to stand with your feet spread apart. For the girl who would appear graceful, this is unforgivable.

What about gestures? Are they necessary or unnecessary? The answer is that gestures are a matter of personal habit. If you are a reserved person who seldom uses her hands in everyday conversation, you would be foolish to try and make many gestures while speaking.

If, on the contrary, you are the quick, volatile type to whom gestures are a normal means of expression, you should continue to do so in a public talk, but with moderation. Too many gestures chop up your speech into disconnected bits. Besides, who wants to flail the air like a windmill?

Try to look as if you enjoyed making a speech. Let your face show animation and enthusiasm for your subject. A friendly smile, now and then—a twinkle of humor in your eyes as you tell a story—will work wonders in creating a pleasant atmosphere. No speaker with a strained, nervous expression is a real success.

Nothing is more important in speech making than a clear and resonant voice. Your voice is the medium through which you con-

vey your thoughts to an audience. And, unless they understand you readily, without straining their ears for every word and phrase, they will soon lose interest.

Therefore, you must speak distinctly. And to do this, you must *use your lips* as you talk. To-day, many young people have acquired the bad habit of talking through motionless, scarcely parted lips. As a result, their faces not only appear wooden and unintelligent, but their speech is hopelessly blurred.

As you practice talking over your speech outline, you should round your lips and try molding each word as it comes forth. And don't hesitate to *open your mouth* if you expect your voice to carry.

Roughly speaking, the roof of your mouth is a small sounding board and, unless you talk with an open (untightened) throat and open your mouth wide enough, it cannot throw your voice the necessary distance. If you doubt me, try shouting to someone with your lips almost closed.

"Suppose I get excited and forget to open my mouth wide enough for my voice to carry?" you ask.

Well, here is a simple expedient many speakers use: Locate some object in the far end of the auditorium; imagine that your speech is directed toward that object and that you must make it hear you. Almost immediately your mouth will open wider and your vocal chords will automatically gauge the longer distance and send your voice toward that spot.

"But won't that seem silly?" you protest. "Shouldn't I be looking at the people in front of me, instead of some picture on the back wall?"

No one expects you to keep your gaze fixed on the object toward which you are

sending your voice. In most cases, it is wise to let your glance rove impersonally over your hearers' heads. For be warned—if you allow yourself to single out particular individuals, they are likely to giggle or wink, and disconcert you!

Have you ever listened to the vibrant, melodious voice of some distinguished actress or movie star and longed, with all your heart, that you might speak as she does? Naturally, we can't all have voices like Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell. These women have spent years in studying all the subtle shadings and inflections that produce beautiful and cultivated tones.

But rest assured, you can do a great deal to improve the richness of your speaking voice, both for public speaking and private life, if you follow two easy rules. The first rule we have already touched on: *Round your lips and mold your words as you speak*. The second is just as simple: *Learn to prolong each vowel* slightly as you pronounce a word. There is nothing difficult about this direction. It merely means that when speaking you permit your voice to linger a fraction longer on the vowels, than on the other letters in a word. A simple rule, but one that requires practice.

Try this out. Pronounce words like *you, blue, mellow, yellow, muse, choose*. Notice the rich, musical tones. Every man or woman whose voice you have ever admired, consciously or unconsciously follows this practice.

Now the time has come to dismiss our class in public speaking. Let us hope that the information, compressed in so short an article, will be helpful to you, and that when your next speaking assignment comes along, you will accept it without hesitation and deliver your address like a veteran. Good luck to you!



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(as Dorothy)



FRANK MORGAN
(as the Wizard of Oz)



JACK HALEY
(as the Tin Woodman)



BERT LAHR
(as the Cowardly Lion)



RAY BOLGER
(as the Scarecrow)



